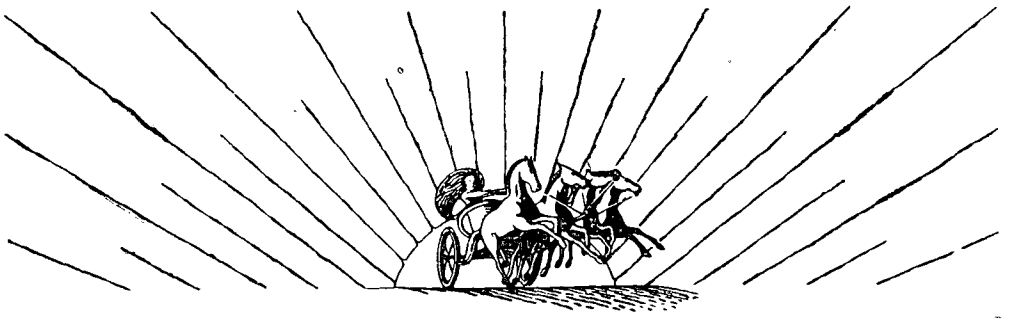

THE LIVING AGE

[MIDMONTH NUMBER]

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THE GUIDE POST

SEÑOR VICTOR RAUL HAYA DE LA TORRE has a list of recommendations almost as long as his name. All too few of us are aware how widespread his type of opinion is in South America — though it is less of a surprise to find him taken up by the British *Foreign Affairs*, which would enjoy nothing more than killing two birds — American Imperialism and Conservatism — with one stone.

❦ ❦ ❦

With even greater unctuousness does Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby give himself over to the delightful task of patronizing the United States. Americans who are not acquainted with British character at first hand might well be excused for resenting this curious exhibit of fair play. It is, however, a perfectly honest British effort to plead an unpopular cause — or at least to take into account extenuating circumstances. Astonishing as it may be to have a disinterested Englishman tell us what our duties to France and martyred Belgium are, we must admit that he hits several nails squarely on the head. But that Britain did not 'propose or desire' her Debt Settlement. Really.

❦ ❦ ❦

A German would be the most natural person in the world to turn to for an account of the aniline industry. German monopoly of the dye trade before the war, which is even now providing Protectionist senatorial aspirants with oratorical fuel, was the natural outcome of the history Dr. Kahn traces. Just about as popular in certain quarters as the dye monopolists was the Iron Chancellor. Bismarck is to this day the idol of reactionary German youth, many of whom would be disgusted at some of the remarks he made to our French contributor at the sprightly age of seventy-five.

❦ ❦ ❦

Anatole France has a peculiar hold on the Anglo-American public — perhaps the Master's complete ignorance of both the language and the civilization of that culture feeds this respect somewhat. At all events, it is significant that no review of Mme. de Caillavet's reminiscences in the French press — and there were many — came up to Mr. Gribble's article on the subject. To any of our readers who are at ease in the language of diplomacy we recommend this volume on the highest authority. It has been the sensation of the summer in France.

❦ ❦ ❦

Although Paul Scheffer's article was written before Germany was admitted to the League, it has an obvious significance. Now that Germany can give her grievances more of an airing than heretofore, we are going to hear quite a lot about her lost colonies, and China will not be the only part of the world toward which she will cock a homesick eye. At present her observers in foreign parts will, like this one, be inclined to confine themselves to a strict account of facts.

❦ ❦ ❦

H. G. Wells is just a little out of favor in Great Britain at the moment. Apart from the clearly doubtful merits of his new book, the *New Statesman* could not let his diatribe against Marx pass unrebuked, although that paper is by no means friendly to the whiskered rebel. The *Morning Post*, on the other hand, quite enjoys this little excursion, but cannot forget Wells's Labor sympathies, pale as they are becoming. Mr. Osborne disapproves of the man *in toto*, but the *New Statesman* judges the book on its literary merit and finds it wanting.

❦ ❦ ❦

M. Vaillat's treatise on the modern dance is one of the thousand manifestations of Europe's self-conscious interest in an element in our lives that most Americans have come to take for granted. Such articles correspond exactly to the recent discovery by New York of Chaplin, Irving Berlin, and Al Jolson. It is a point of view with which Brandes would have little enough sympathy and Tagore still less. These two are on more familiar ground. Brandes, though still as active as any critic on the Continent, is really of Duse's generation. Tagore, being an Indian, is of no generation at all. He gives us the one thing that we should be interested in hearing about from him — his own impressions of Western culture.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 331 — *OCTOBER 15, 1926* — NO. 4292

AROUND THE WORLD

ANY unusual improvements in the *Living Age* that may impress our readers in the issues immediately succeeding the present number are to be credited to the junior members of the staff, who will have full charge during a brief absence of the editor in Europe.

Britain Plods On

THE coal lockout, which promises to become as standing a grievance in Great Britain as the weather, is now giving the public and the press, which have hitherto put most of the blame on Labor, an opportunity to berate the mine owners. The unions have recently shown themselves conciliatory, but the employers, who refuse to negotiate on a national basis, have apparently dissolved their National Association, so that the Government and the miners find it about as difficult to discover a responsible party to deal with as the Great Powers do in China. The argument against a national agreement is economic — that no common measure can be found for the widely varying mining conditions in different parts of the country. The miners contend for a social solution — that is, a uniform minimum wage which will support the same standard of life everywhere in Great Britain. The public argues that, since the whole nation has been taxed to pay coal subsidies and will eventually pay the economic loss of the coal stoppage, the settlement should be national. The London *Statist* expresses prevailing sentiment outside of mine-owning circles as follows: —

'One fails to see how the owners can lose by consenting to national negotiations, seeing that at the proposed three-party conference only the general principles of wage agreements would be fixed, leaving the details to be worked out in the various districts. There would presumably be no attempt to fix a uniform national minimum percentage addition to base rates, though on this point the attitude of the Miners' Federation is not quite clear. One cannot see why the owners should not get as good terms in national conference as in district negotiations. Again, it can hardly be disputed that a national agreement would be likely to be more lasting. Under district settlements there would be the possibility of sporadic, isolated disputes in small

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groups of collieries. Under a national agreement there would be a reasonable assurance of general peace for a few years at least. Thus, on the double question of resumption of work at the earliest possible moment and of promoting a lasting settlement the owners do not appear to have right on their side.'

Perhaps one tenth of the miners have drifted back to work, but the struggle remains as much as ever an incubus upon prosperity. *The Nation and the Athenæum* consoles itself with the reflection that 'the fact that a great number of our trades and industries have so far suffered as little as they have done from the stoppage is . . . I think, significant,' and imagines that some of the country's dogmas about the fundamental importance of cheap coal to its industrial prosperity are mistaken.

Statistics show that during 1925 the average number of persons on the dole in Great Britain was 977,600, and that the average weekly payment was eighteen shillings and sixpence per head. Recipients included many persons who qualified for unemployment benefits during the war, and who otherwise would have no claim upon the public funds; they get what is virtually a small service pension. Since the same people do not invariably receive the dole throughout the year, the danger of national pauperization is less serious than sometimes painted. All benefits paid out during twelve months amounted to about $230,000,000, but this sum did not come entirely from the public treasury; in fact, the direct tax upon the State at the end of a long period of lean years has been less than $40,000,000. During 1925 nearly five hundred persons were sent to prison, and three times that number fined or otherwise punished, for frauds committed in connection with the dole.

The last Trade-Union Congress was a dull and uneventful gathering, enlivened by the single episode of Mr. Tomskii's message from Moscow denouncing its leaders and the prompt retort of the Congress to that charge. British Labor's philosophy is so different from that of the Bolsheviki that they mix about as readily as oil and water. The English idea is stated in the following paragraph from an article in the September issue of the *Labor Magazine*, the official monthly journal of the Labor Movement: —

'The point it is necessary to emphasize is that trade-unionism is, fundamentally and essentially, a constructive force in the world to-day. It is not merely a protective mechanism, and its objects are not purely defensive. It is producing an actual change in the organization of industry. It is stretching out its hands toward control of industry, not in the interests of the workers alone, but of the whole community, which is dependent upon the efficiency and economy with which productive enterprise is carried on. The capitalist mode of production is not unalterable, fixed and permanent; it is a transitional form, based upon the subjection of the great mass of the producers to the autocratic control of the owners of capital, and that control is definitely challenged by the rise of trade-unionism as an organized power in industry.'

A few months ago the British Government conferred upon Neville Chamberlain, the Minister of Health, authority to remove from office the elected Boards of Guardians of local governments, which are too prodigal in granting relief to the unemployed. He has exercised this authority recently in case of one of the boards covering a large part of the Durham coal field, which had run heavily into debt in relieving distress due to the mining lockout. Many other boards, where

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there are heavy Labor majorities, have been pursuing an equally generous policy toward the unemployed. Should Mr. Chamberlain follow the same course with regard to them, it is likely to be considered a direct intervention of the Government on the side of the coal-owners, with unfortunate political consequences in the future.

Quiet has settled over the noisy arena where two wings of the Liberals, under Lord Oxford and Lloyd George, fought so doughtily, and the abounding energies of the Party are now expended in quieter ways. Sir Ernest Benn, a well-known publicist of economic bent, who represents its more conservative element, advocates throwing over the Party's new constructive schemes, such as Lloyd George's land policy, which he rather unkindly calls 'political shams.' Mr. Ramsay Muir, who expounds Liberal orthodoxy in the *Westminster Gazette*, resents that suggestion, and a pen battle between those gentlemen has enlivened what would otherwise have been a rather dull interlude in political polemics.

Imperial Affairs

With the Imperial Conference looming ahead, the British press is featuring Dominion topics. A Canadian contributor to the *Spectator* irreverently disposes of all such gatherings as 'not worth five cents,' and believes that if Great Britain wishes Canada to remain a willing partner in the Empire a transaction in larger coin is necessary. The Dominion must be made to feel 'that she has a hand in running the show.' By way of cultivating this feeling, he suggests that the next British Ambassador at Washington be a Canadian. He names several fellow Dominioners who he thinks would adorn the post, and reënforces the suggestion with this pithy statement: 'We Canadians are North Americans . . . and should be entrusted with the task of looking after the interests of the British Empire on the North American Continent.'

Now that Australia has had her plebiscite, South Africa is to follow suit with a popular vote upon the flag question. An outsider can hardly appreciate the intense feeling that the proposal to eliminate the Union Jack from her banner has aroused. That symbol is rooted so deeply in the sentiment of the English element that it seems of supreme importance to them. A vote on substituting the fleur-de-lis for the Union Jack on the Canadian flag would be of mild interest for our northern neighbors in comparison; for French and English have never crossed swords in Canada since they became self-governing peoples. In New Zealand a Rural Credits Commission, whose members extended their studies to the United States and Europe before formulating their conclusions, has just presented thirty-eight recommendations to the Wellington Parliament, looking toward an extension of the powers and functions of the present government office for advancing loans to farmers and settlers. Among other proposals is one to authorize the Government to lend money to bona fide farm credit associations or coöperatives to eighty per cent of the value of the pooled securities of their members.

A New European Alignment?

Are America and Europe more or less unconsciously drifting into three groups of ententes and alliances? The 'Anglo-Saxon' nations are already commonly regarded as a distinct political and economic entity. Spain and Italy are drawing together, and hope to bring Spanish-speaking America into their orbit, as a Latin constellation. France, which aspires to be the leading Latin Power, is almost irresistibly attracted

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into a different combination by her economic and international interests. The historian of the future may discover New Europe's crystallization centre, not in any treaty, entente, or idealistic organization, but in the commonplace commercial compact which brought into being the new Steel Cartel, embracing France, Germany, Belgium, and Luxembourg in one big partnership. Doctrines that would have sounded strange indeed a few months ago are now openly preached in France. *Le Matin*, one of her two most widely read papers, took the occasion of Germany's admission to the League to advocate, with the trenchant pen of Jules Sauerwein, an alliance between the two countries which, by uniting a hundred million men who know how to fight, would create a new balance of power in the world, able to cope with any adversary either in the workshop or on the battlefield. Herr Stresemann, who is Germany's real leader to-day, has never repudiated his monarchist opinions or his militarist sympathies, and has repeatedly criticized the abolition of conscription as one of the greatest injuries done to Germany by the Peace Treaty. If the ambitions of France lead her into the direction pointed out by M. Sauerwein, the restoration of conscription might be as much for the interest of Paris as of Berlin. Pertinax, another Nationalist, greets, in *L'Écho de Paris*, the prospect of closer relations with Germany as the first step toward brushing aside the 'sentimental folly' of Locarno.

Sane and safe counsels, however, still control European chanceries, and these press effusions, which have had little echo in Germany, are not to be taken too seriously. Statesmen are chiefly concerned as to the effect of the present reconciliation upon politics at home. Some predict that, when the time comes, Briand will turn out Poincaré, who is at heart unsympathetic with France's liberal foreign policy, and who is handling the ticklish task of restoring the finances, which has already wrecked more than one political reputation. German newspapers greeted their country's admission to the League as removing a controversial issue which had complicated Party divisions, and as clearing the way for new political alignments permitting a larger coöperation of the Conservatives in the labor of government.

Politics and Economics in France

Persistent skepticism characterizes British press comment upon Poincaré's effort to save the franc, notwithstanding the fact that Paris, as well as Italy, paid nearly ten million dollars of its war debt to England last month. Prices continue to rise, although less rapidly than early last summer, when they mounted two hundred and nine points within four months. The proposed reductions in the army and navy are popular with the masses, but Poincaré's economies in the civil service have not been welcomed with much joy. This is particularly true of the reduction in local government offices, which makes the French administration more centralized than ever. This reform has some points of resemblance with that adopted in Japan, which caused the riots mentioned in our last issue. As most local offices were held by Party workers opposed politically to Poincaré, the reduction was interpreted partly in that light, much as if a Republican administration were to abolish the jobs of several thousand fourth-class postmasters after the deserving Democrats who held them had just been put in the classified service by the previous administration. Altogether, 228 of 356 municipal courts, 106 of 383 subprefectures, and 70 of 90 general secretariats of prefectures, have been

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'suppressed.' Simultaneously, twenty-seven hundred regular officers and twelve hundred temporary officers have been discharged from the army, and an ultimate reduction of over six thousand is in contemplation.

The truth that a fight between former friends is often more bitter than one between hereditary enemies is illustrated by the feud between Charles Maurras, the brilliant but acrid editor of *L'Action Française*, the organ of the French Royalists, and his former coadjutor Georges Valois, who has deserted to the Fascisti and now conducts their journal, *Nouveau Siècle*. Royalists and the Conservative Clericals are almost identical in France; but Maurras, ardent exponent of kingship though he is, is personally a freethinker, although politically friendly to the Church. The controversy between the two former friends has reached a point where Georges Valois is quoting high Catholic dignitaries in condemnation of the moral influence of *L'Action Française*, to the intense discomfiture of its editor, who has hastened to print communications and expressions of opinion by other ecclesiastics warmly commending his journal and its policies.

M. Millerand, who as Premier and President was for a time the first man in the public eye of France, has lingered in unwonted obscurity throughout the present crisis. If Poincaré should fail to solve the country's financial puzzle, Millerand may again come to the fore, if for no other reason than because he has advocated for years changes in the Constitution designed to remedy the very weaknesses that have precipitated the present troubles. He advocates the election of the President by an electoral college chosen by the people expressly for this purpose, instead of by the Chamber and Senate in joint session, and would give the President powers similar to those of our own Chief Magistrate. France has had seventeen different constitutions since the Revolution, however, ranging from the despotism of the *ancien régime* to the terrorism of the Convention. This frequent experimenting with political machinery has given the present-day Frenchman a distaste for changes in the Constitution. In fact, when Poincaré convoked the National Assembly a few weeks ago to enact the sinking fund law, it was the first time that body had been called together for forty-two years except to elect a President.

Impulsive Italy

The two most prominent episodes in Italy have been Mussolini's temperamental attack on France, in the speech delivered to the people immediately after the last unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him in Rome, and the 'battle of the lira.' Not only Mussolini's own words, but the press attacks which followed it, were designed to irritate France. *Le Journal des Débats* drew a remarkable comparison, considering its source, between Mussolini's charges against the Paris Government and Austria's action twelve years ago in holding Serbia responsible for the Serajevo assassination, and asked if Italy proposed to adopt a Hohenzollern-Hapsburg rôle in Europe. *The Nation and the Athenæum* pointed out that there was a time when earlier Italian Governments similarly resented the friendliness which France and Great Britain showed to Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the other fighters for Italy's unity and independence. The *New Statesman* thinks that Mussolini, who has no longer anything to fear at home, where the opposition is completely silenced, dreads to expose himself to a dangerous setback abroad. Therefore, although he may 'bully, bluff, intrigue, or bargain' in dealing with his neighbors, he will be careful not to push matters to the extreme.

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The London *Economist* said: 'The venom that has been instilled into this Italian press campaign had been accumulating long before the incident which released it. It represents the pent-up jealousy of Fascist Italy toward France on account of those great French possessions on the further side of the Mediterranean in which Italy desires a share. If such a spirit of rancor and covetousness is allowed to grow unchecked, Fascism will become a standing danger to European peace, as Prussianism was before the war.'

The recent fighting in Albania, where an effort has been made to overthrow a Government which Italy is supposed to back, recalls the proposal she made to that Government last July through her representative there, Baron Aloisi, which is said to have been rejected. Briefly this proposal was: (1) to put the Albanian army and gendarmerie under Italian instruction (the existing supervision of the gendarmerie by British officers has never been liked by the Italians); (2) to accept the control of Italy in matters of finance and national economy; (3) to place the whole of Albania under the protection of Italy.

Apathetic Spain

A Geneva correspondent of the Conservative *Saturday Review* thinks that Spain lost even more than Brazil by withdrawing from the League. 'Señor Quinones de Leon, who has represented Spain on the Council since the beginning, has frequently been the arbitrator of international affairs because his country happens to have been the largest neutral European nation during the war. Outside the League Spain becomes a second-rate Power, notable chiefly for the excellence of her wines and the instability of her governments.' Since that country has no free organs of opinion, we do not know what its people thought about that step, if indeed they had any opinion whatsoever. The recent military mutiny seems to have been a military squabble devoid of political significance. Primo de Rivera might have been turned out by a barracks revolution, but Alfonso tipped the scale in his favor. A story is current in Madrid that the artillery there had trained its guns on the Government offices but that the King personally visited the insurgents and persuaded them to surrender. Be this as it may, Alfonso had the casting vote and kept Primo, although it is rumored that he now wishes to set up a quasi-constitutional government. The question of the succession to the throne is worrying the Spanish monarch. The health of the Prince of Asturias is delicate in the extreme. His second son, Don Jaime, is deaf and dumb. Consequently, the Crown will probably pass to Don Juan, the third son, and this will probably require the approval of the Cortes.

The recent plebiscite must have resembled one of those effusive letters of approval and congratulation that several good fellows write over their joint signatures to a popular friend, or to a man from whom they expect favors. A *Westminster Gazette* correspondent describes what happened in Madrid as follows: —

'The three days during which the lists were open were marked by the most perfect good humor on all sides. In the cafés the supporters of the Directory talked noisily and emphatically of the importance of the success which they anticipated and of the impression it would make both in the capital and the country. The opponents of the present régime were naturally less expansive, but could not refrain from cracking many a joke about a system of consulting the people in which only supporters of the Government were allowed to express themselves. It was not only in the public buildings and

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voting stations that the lists could be signed. Almost anyone could get a copy, and numbers were displayed in business houses and shops ready for the signatures of all men — and women — of good will. They were also to be found in the "select" bars, dancing halls, and cabarets frequented by Madrid's "night life," and in these places signatures could be appended up to four o'clock in the morning. As many bright spirits of both sexes like to vary their evening's leisure by making a round of these places, these ladies and gentlemen could record their approval of the Dictator eight or nine times each night. Equally good opportunities were enjoyed by those whose business took them about the town — they could sign at their clubs, at their banks, at their café, as well as at the official polling places, as often as they pleased.' *The Nation and the Athenæum* predicted that 'on a narrow franchise the vote would probably go against him. A popular vote may give him the result he seeks.' In other words, his régime is disliked by the intelligent classes, but he has acquired some personal popularity among the masses.

Between Two Continents

Rumania is peeved because Italy, in its recent treaty with her, refused to ratify the annexation of Bessarabia. Partly as a result of this diplomatic failure, the Averescu Government is reported to be losing ground. Fighting occurred in Athens last month between adherents of the late Dictator Pangalos and supporters of the present Government. The significant feature of the incident was the seizure of an armored car by the students, who were joined by thousands of the populace, and who paraded the streets shouting, 'Down with the officers! Long live the people!' One swallow does not make a summer, but this suggests that the people of Greece are beginning to tire of military rule — a surmise which subsequent political developments there tend to confirm.

The Turbulent Orient

The Soviet Government has concluded a new treaty with Afghanistan which is creating more or less alarm on the Indian border, where it is thought to strengthen Bolshevist influence at Kabul. The revelations at the Angora trial, where former Young Turk leaders were shown to have acted for Moscow in a contemplated invasion of India, have revived alarm in that quarter.

Two foci of interest exist in China — the Yangtze Valley, where General Chiang Kai-shih has won important victories over Wu Pei-fu, and where the latter putative protégé of England has fallen afoul his protector by seizing British ships and precipitating a bloody if one-sided battle between his forces and a British naval expedition. 'The National Revolutionary Army,' marching northward from the South, is an interesting organization, having points of likeness with its Northern allies under General Feng Yu-hsiang. Like the latter, it is strictly disciplined and inspired by a national purpose. We learn from an American in a district occupied by the Southern Army that its soldiers appear to be impassioned fighters for an ideal, and that before each meal they ask a sort of grace which contains substantially this profession of faith: 'We are fighting for the independence, the unity, and the equality of our country.' But these troops follow the Soviet gospel, and, though not as violently anti-Christian as sometimes represented, have very different religious opinions from those professed by General Feng's praying Roundheads. The retreat of the Northern Nationalists from the Hankow Pass seems on later advices to have been principally strategic — rumor has it, with a view to uniting the Northern and Southern

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Armies in a campaign against their opponents in the heart of China, in the true China as distinct from the ancient Tatar capital at Peking.

Chang Tso-lin is still dominant at the latter city, but he is having trouble at home, both with the Soviet Government over their old bone of contention, the Chinese Eastern Railway, and with the Japanese, who seem to have taken a violent dislike to their supposed protégé. Chang finds it as difficult as Mussolini does to maintain the purchasing power of his paper currency. His tactics in the battle of the *fengpiao*, as his bills are called, are even more drastic than those of the Fascisti, as the bloody executions at Mukden of prominent Chinese who refused to accept his currency at face value testify. According to one report, Japanese merchants alone have lost over ten million dollars during the past six months on account of this currency collapse. Hence the rift between the former friends.

The *Japan Chronicle*, which understands local policies as well as any foreign-language daily in the Far East, declares that Japan's alleged new emigration policy is a figment of some excited journalist's fancy, and characterizes the enthusiastic comments of the British press upon it as a 'ridiculous outburst.' It ascribes the story to an interim report given out by a Commission appointed to discuss the possibilities of the Hokushu, Japan's northern island, and Korea, as outlets for Japan's too dense population, and to some cabinet minister's statement that industrialization would do more than emigration to feed her surplus people. This seems to be confirmed by the Japanese press, which is obviously puzzled by such effusive commendation for a change of policy of which it has no knowledge. 'Of course,' says Osaka *Mainichi*, 'Japan has no intention of sending emigrants to any country where they are unwelcome.' It suggests, however, that nature is stronger than laws and diplomatic compliments.

Latin America

Argentina seems to be on the road to compromising her controversy with the Vatican over the appointment of the Archbishop of Buenos Aires. Public opinion in Chile is distracted by the unstable political equilibrium at home, distrust of Bolivia's and Peru's designs on Tacna-Arica, and an uneasy feeling that her Government must justify itself for the failure of the plebiscite in those provinces. Bolivia continues to agitate for access to the sea. Church and State in Mexico have apparently settled down to a winter in the trenches. Our intervention in Nicaragua for some reason attracts unwonted attention in certain British journals. *Le Quotidien* publishes a double leader containing an enthusiastic account of France's success in cultivating intellectual coöperation with Latin America. But the important movements in the continent south of us lie mostly beneath the surface. One of them is touched upon in the first article of our present issue. These movements centre upon three objectives — Latin-American political and cultural unity; Latin-American social and racial coöperation, including lifting the Indian to the level of the white; and, partly as agencies for accomplishing these two things, extending popular education and liberalizing higher education. As a spur to all three of these movements, their proponents constantly appeal to the Yankee peril.

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LATIN AMERICA'S STUDENT REVOLUTION[1]

BY VICTOR RAUL HAYA DE LA TORRE

[SEÑOR Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, who has been called *el primer estudiante de America Latina*, was President of the Federation of Students of Peru and of the National Council of Peruvian Students during the 'university revolution' in that country. Later he founded six universities for workingmen, all supported by students; and in order to cultivate a fraternal spirit among Latin-American students of all nationalities he traveled through the principal countries of the continent, remaining for a long time in Chile, where the hostility to Peru was greatest. He was active in inaugurating another workingmen's university in Havana, Cuba, and is now Honorary President of the Student Federations of both Cuba and Peru. He is also a leader of the anti-imperialistic movement in Latin America, and founder of the A. P. R. A., or Revolutionary Association of the Peoples of America, which seeks to unite manual and intellectual workers in a campaign to resist North American aggression and to unite the Latin-American countries.]

A VAST intellectual renaissance has manifested itself among the students of Latin America, which shows a profound divergence between the thought of the rising generation and of the generation that preceded it. These students are championing new principles and adopting new attitudes, not only toward intellectual life, but also toward political and social policies, which are capable of being converted later into more precise forms of action. Thus a conflict has arisen between the younger and the older generation. The young are following no master, for they have denied all. Two or three men of outstanding importance, such as José Vasconcelos in Mexico and José Ingenieros in Argentina, have allied themselves with this movement. But the insurgence of youth is spontaneous and self-directed in every country of the great continent.

The present agitation began with a so-called 'university revolution' at the University of Cordoba in Argentina eight years ago. Just as the first religious reform of the sixteenth century began with what were called 'monks' squabbles,' so the first disturbances at Cordoba were called 'students' squabbles.' Very few realized the serious character of the movement, but the students, with admirable intuition, grasped its full importance, and proclaimed it 'Latin America's Revolution for Intellectual Autonomy.'

The universities of Latin America are almost all of Spanish origin, founded during the three centuries of colonial rule. Until the 'university revolution' higher educational curricula remained antiquated, without appreciable progress, based on religious prejudices. Liberal ideas had scarcely entered them, and the pedagogical system, as well as the spirit of these universities, was afflicted with all the defects of the old Spanish universities, controlled by

[1] From *Foreign Affairs* (London Pacifist monthly), *September*

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dogma and semi-ecclesiastical. The restless discontent of the Latin-American students carried them far beyond the intellectual frontiers which, like rings of iron, the universities marked out for them. New ideas agitated their young brains, and a desire arose to convert these old universities into new laboratories of science and seminaries of modern culture. The terrible spectacle of the European War, the intervention of America in the war, the Russian Revolution, which Latin-American youth hailed as the beginning of the liberty of the world, stirred still more the consciences of the students. It can easily be understood that Latin America was obliged to shake herself free from old systems of education and to attempt a better life. But tradition, the interests of the dynasty of the 'learned,' Catholic influence as changeless as a Spanish relic, all set their faces against the students' proposals. The masters of the Latin-American universities exercised a truly implacable dictatorship. For them the old was symbolic of wisdom, and they denied all attention to every suggestion of the students, whatever it was.

The opposition between the new spirit of youth and the extreme conservatism of the university faculties came to a head at the end of July 1918 in the University of Cordoba, which was founded in 1614 by the Spanish friar Trejo y Zanabria. The students launched a true revolution, demanding the repeal of the old university statutes, change of professors, abolition of ecclesiastical control over higher instruction, professorships open to all, academic freedom, and other reforms. They demanded the right to have student representatives in the directing council of the universities, and their right to share in the election of professors. The movement was violent and full of curious episodes. The University of Cordoba was invaded and occupied *manu militari* by the students.

News of the revolution reverberated throughout Latin America and immediately called forth recognition and sympathy. Messages of support and solidarity were sent to the rebelling students from all the universities. The strike committee of Cordoba issued an appeal to the Latin-American students in these words: 'If in the name of order others desire to prosecute us, ridicule us, use force against us, let us proclaim aloud that the sacred right of insurrection, the only door remaining open to us, the only door remaining open to hope, is the heroic birthright of youth. Persecution only makes us stronger. The spiritual redemption of American youth is the only reward we seek, because we know that the ills from which we suffer are the ills of all the continent.'

The revolution soon spread. At Buenos Aires and La Plata, the two most important Argentine universities, student strikes were proclaimed. The violent struggle between the students and the professors continued the whole of the year 1918. The intervention of the Government and of the police and military forces resulted only in increasing the sympathy of the public with the insurrection. In the end the Government was obliged to yield; new statutes were issued for the old universities, others were founded, and the organization of a modern university system, based on the liberal principles of the students, was started.

In the first months of 1919 a similar 'university revolution' broke out in the University of Lima, Peru, the oldest in America, founded in 1551. The University of Lima was completely dominated by an antiquated spirit. The students proclaimed a general strike, demanded the dismissal of

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sixteen professors, the suppression of the courses in canon law, the complete remaking of the regulations governing the university, professorships open to all, academic freedom, and the participation of the students in the governing councils. The strike in Lima lasted more than four months. The campaign of the students was very intense, and there came a moment in which the industrial workers of the country offered their adhesion to the movement. Faced by so strong an agitation, the Peruvian Parliament was compelled to vote laws favorable to the students' demands.

Similar movements occurred in 1921, 1922, and 1923 in other Latin-American universities, the most notable being those of Havana, Cuba, and Santiago de Chile. In all the universities of Latin America, since the 'revolution' a change in method has taken place, and a new spirit has arisen, through this rebellion of youth.

In 1921 an international congress of students assembled in the city of Mexico. This congress was a true Latin-American congress although there were present some representatives from Europe, Asia, and North America — Germany, China, and the United States. The true inspirer of the Congress at Mexico was an Argentine student from the University of La Plata, Hector Ripa Alberdi. The first resolution of the Congress says: 'The Latin-American students proclaim that they are struggling for the advent of a new humanity founded on the modern principles of economic and political justice.' The third resolution says: 'The students of Latin America proclaim their optimism regarding the grave problems which are agitating the world, and their absolute confidence in the possibility of attaining — by the renovation of economic and moral ideas — a new social organization which will permit the realization of the spiritual aims of man.'

Among the Chilean students there developed as well an antimilitaristic campaign. Between Chile and Peru national questions had thrust themselves ever since the war between the two countries in 1879. The students of both nations have proclaimed their opposition to the rivalry and discord which animate the policies of their Governments. In 1920 the Chilean students were prosecuted as antipatriotic, and bloody clashes occurred between the army and police and the students.

In that same year the students of Peru, assembled in a national congress in the old city of Cuzco, resolved to found popular universities for the workers, to study social problems, to demand the defense of the rights of the Indians, and to proclaim as the goal of their public acts social justice.

But the ideology of Latin-American students advances, exacting more of itself all the time. In Peru, in Chile, in Cuba, in Guatemala, in Mexico, and in other countries, the students have founded popular universities, centres of education for the workers and peasants. This closer contact between workers and students has formed in each republic of Latin America a strong vanguard of youth that includes both manual and intellectual workers.

The growing domination of the United States over Latin America was immediately detected by the students. It was they who raised the cry of warning. The opposition between the old and the young is today stronger than ever. The old are nationalists, anxious to keep Latin America divided into twenty republics; but the students have declared themselves against this nationalism and in favor of a political union of America,

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and accuse the old politicians of complicity in imperialism. Latin-American students are awake to a danger which threatens all their peoples. For this reason they are trying to bring about a union between themselves and the workers and peasants in order to resist every nationalistic division within Latin America itself. Solidarity with the people of the countries most menaced by American imperialism, such as Mexico, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Panama, is to-day the motive of great campaigns of propaganda among the Latin-American students.

I believe the most precise idea among the students to-day is that of realizing this unity of Latin America, overcoming the double resistance which is opposing itself to this goal—the imperialistic policy of the United States, and the nationalism which the governing classes keep alive in each republic.

TO AN ORANGE

BY ROSE FYLEMAN

[*Spectator*]

FOR N. L.

In days gone by we thought you rather vulgar,
Playing a humble — tho' not hidden — part,
The darling of the undiscerning many,
Sold from a stall (at two or three a penny)
Or coster's cart.

And yet at times, caught by your golden beauty,
One wondered — 'Was 't perchance such fruits as these
That tempted Atalanta's feet to dally,
Or burned among the boughs in some bright alley
Of the Hesperides?'

But all things change, and you are scorned no longer,
But honored, sought, acclaimed on pictured page;
No more your lovers are apologetic;
To be concerned with matters dietetic
Is all the rage.

And now you yield to neither pines nor peaches,
To muscats pale, nor delicate nectarines,
But cheerfully adorn the proudest table,
Since yours it is to bear the glorious label —
'Richest in Vitamines!'

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AMERICA: QUIXOTE OR SHYLOCK?[1]

BY A. WYATT TILBY

AMERICA will be rich, prosperous, and wealthy as the result of this war. We shall have made untold millions of this wealth out of the woe and swelter of Europe. The money which has come to us from these people is money in trust, and unless America recognizes this trust she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession. — Mr. HOOVER, February 1917

LESS than ten years ago the President and people of the United States were lauded as a nation of idealists — generous crusaders who were speeding across the seas to the succor of distressed and devastated Europe. The same people is denounced in many quarters to-day as a race of vampires, bloodsuckers, and hypocrites, who saved Europe only to starve her, and engaged in her quarrels only to enslave her.

The contrast is too sudden and too violent to be entirely credible. Don Quixote does not turn into Shylock in real life, or the Chevalier Bayard change overnight into the miser Grandet. The chivalrous knight may prove on closer acquaintance somewhat less like Galahad than we thought him. But it is improbable that he will turn out to be the traitor Mordred in disguise.

It is certain that no nation could live up to the inflated standard of virtue attributed to the Americans in 1918. It is unlikely that any nation could be quite so base as the Americans are alleged to be in 1926. The truth presumably lies somewhere between the two extremes. The hero may not be the low huckster he is at present painted by the caricaturists. But even in the golden days of chivalry valiant knights are said occasionally to have condescended to live on the countries they rescued from the tyranny of the local giant. And it is at least possible that the splendid crusader sometimes showed himself possessed of as keen an eye for a bargain in cheap castles as for dragon-slaying, and that there were dismal moments when distressed maidens thought the fee for delivery from thralldom a little high.

However that may be, it is impossible to deny that the reputation of the United States has fallen heavily in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles; and that not merely with the unthinking mob, but among men who are careful not to form their judgment without some evidence, and whose opinion is therefore generally worth attention. Where there is smoke, says the proverb, there is fire; and when the prestige of a nation diminishes there is usually some genuine cause for the decline.

In the present case the main reason for the fall of American reputation in Europe has obviously been the insistence of the United States, whether right or wrong, on the repayment of

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her war loans to her allies. But that is certainly not the whole truth of the matter. There are other precedent items of the account which, if only for the sake of clarity, must be set out before the main question is discussed.

It is convenient, until proof to the contrary is adduced, to regard foreign statesmen and peoples as men of like passions and limitations with ourselves. They may deceive us — or perhaps themselves — with phrases and professions; but in the long run States, like individuals, attend to the matter in hand, and the most important matter in hand, for States as for individuals, is the security and advantage of the unit concerned. No nation, said George Washington, can be trusted outside its own interests; he might have added that the average ethical standard of the State is necessarily lower than that of its individual members, since the State is the least common denominator of the individuals who compose it.

In the case of the United States this position seemed to be reversed at the moment of her entry into the war. National States act upon considerations of national advantage, which can generally be expressed in terms of territory, tribute, or security. But in 1917 it was the dignity rather than the actual security of America that was affronted by Germany. For two years previously the balance of national advantage had on the whole operated to keep America neutral; from the end of 1916 onward, however, the balance swung slowly, but in the end decisively, the other way, and it operated, on the whole, to make America a participant. But it must frankly be admitted that in a country so remote and isolated from European politics, and so imbued with the first President's warning against foreign entanglements, the arguments against intervention could have been stated almost as persuasively in 1917 as the arguments for intervention. No vital American interest was in fact immediately at stake.

The political factor was reënforced by a personal accident. It so happened that President Wilson was an idealist; and in the considered series of statements in which he defined the purpose of the United States in entering the war the national and material reasons for that action were practically ignored, — possibly because they were not so conspicuous as to be obvious and overwhelming, — while the idealist and knight-errant aspects of the decision were emphasized.

The result was that Europe (outside Germany) took America at her word, and regarded the United States as a nation of idealists. That is now seen to be an error. But it is equally an error to regard the United States as a nation of hypocrites. The truth is that the idealists talk while the realists act; the idealists mean what they say, but the realists mean what they do. The idealists generally have the last word. But the realists generally determine policy.

President Wilson prophesied that the war was one that would make the world safe for democracy. But the historian is seldom a good prophet, and his success in this direction may be gauged from the fact that in most parts of Europe autocracy now holds the reins of government. But the more realist spirits in the United States must from the first have been tempted to regard the war as one that would make the world safe for American supremacy. Europe seemed in process of committing suicide; and the financial and industrial power of the world was manifestly crossing the Atlantic. The United States had made vast sums out of neutrality, and could well afford to undertake the task of setting the world

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in order, if only to consolidate her own position.

It is reported that Lord Kitchener once remarked that the nation which put the last million men into the field would win the war. The story may be true or untrue. But, judged by that test, the United States was entitled to claim that her late and perhaps reluctant entry had won the war; and President Wilson certainly spoke and acted, at least during the earlier period of his European visit, as though he were the master of the Peace Conference and the arbiter of the continent that lay at his feet.

Unfortunately, it immediately became evident that he did not understand Europe, and within a very few months it also became evident that he did not understand America. He gave Europe a League of Nations that she accepted only because of his insistence; he gave America a League of Nations that she would not accept at any price. He gave France a guaranty of security that America promptly repudiated; and he accepted from Versailles a mandate for Armenia that his countrymen instantly rejected.

President Wilson was undoubtedly sincere; no statesman in the world outside Angora would have accepted a mandate for Armenia unless he had been sincere. His air of conscious rectitude, so natural and proper in the president of a university, was perhaps unconsciously a little ridiculous at a council of diplomatists; but his idealism was part of the man. Now, it is absurd to sneer at idealism in politics; the men of vision have done more for the world than those who kept their ears close to the ground. But the idealism that succeeds is the idealism that knows the facts, and sees beyond them; the idealism that fails is the idealism that ignores the facts, and builds the future on the shifting sands of fancy. The world is littered with forgotten Utopias. It is less fertile in remembered pacts.

The rejection of the Wilson policy by America was a rude shock to Europe. She knew that he did not know the facts, and took advantage of his ignorance; but she was also accustomed to deal with plenipotentiaries, and discovered, a little late in the day, that President Wilson was not a plenipotentiary. The idealist pledged his country; the realists repudiated the bargain. Presently the idealist died, and the realists remained alive.

This series of events, which it has been necessary to recapitulate at some length, was the first great blow to European belief in America. It was discovered that one could not trust the United States to fulfill an engagement made by her President. Presently Europe received another and greater shock. It was discovered that, while American political engagements with Europe could be repudiated months afterward, European financial engagements with America could be insisted on years afterward.

The contrast has purposely been stated bluntly, and indeed somewhat offensevily. It is doubtful whether anything is gained by deliberate understatement, and to France at least the contrast between the American repudiation of the agreement to defend her against Germany and the American insistence on the repayment of war loans was in fact offensive and, to that sensitive and suspicious nation, little less than a betrayal. It is possible that this was one of the causes which led to the French occupation of the Ruhr; to the series of anti-German alliances in Eastern Europe which have been so strongly condemned in America; to the military policy in Africa which has been as strongly condemned in England; and finally to the tortuous financial policy whose immediate outcome

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has been the collapse of the franc, but whose ultimate aim has at least appeared to be the repudiation of the external debt. This line of reasoning may do both France and America injustice. But at least the sequence of dates and acts is suggestive. England had less reason to complain, both positively and negatively, than France. Englishmen are more familiar with the intricacies of the American constitution than their neighbors, and therefore the repudiation of President Wilson's political engagements at Washington was a surprise rather than a shock.

Insistence on commercial bookkeeping as between allies might be sentimentally objectionable. It might be unwise politically and shortsighted financially. But even the most vivid imagination could hardly consider it a betrayal, far less a crime, if America chose to hold her debtors to their engagements.

So far as Britain is concerned, indeed, the controversy is practically closed. We have made our bargain, and we shall stand by it. It may not have increased American prestige in the eyes of the world — that is none of our business; but it has certainly strengthened British credit everywhere. It is true that it was not the settlement we proposed or desired. But at least it was a settlement. And there is some truth in the view that even a bad settlement may be better than no settlement at all.

But there is no disguising the fact that it was a very different settlement from those that we had been accustomed to make in the past. In previous wars, as in this, we lent money to our allies, and when the treaties of peace were made we did not insist on payment of interest or principal from our associates, nor did we demand large indemnities from the enemy. We have taken our toll in land, not cash; and history does not suggest that this has been unsound policy.

But it was not followed by the Germans in 1871, when they insisted on the payment of an indemnity by France as well as the cession of two provinces. And it became evident early in the recent war that it would not be followed either by the Germans or the French when peace was declared. The German Chancellor, Helfferich, speaking in 1915, looked forward to the defeated opponents of the Central Powers 'dragging through the centuries the chains of the indemnities' they were to pay to the future master of Europe; and when the day of reckoning came, three years later, the astronomical figures proposed at Versailles showed that in this matter at least France was not unwilling to learn from the enemy.

The sequel of this policy — the period of German evasion, the inflation period, the Ruhr occupation, the eventual modification of the tribute demanded, and the acceptance of the Dawes proposals — is recent and familiar history. But again, the results of this method do not in themselves suggest that the British method of writing off war debts, and seeking compensation in territory rather than tribute, was wrong.

It is true that our attitude in 1919 was open to the charge of vacillation; there were moments when Mr. Lloyd George seemed to want to 'squeeze the German orange,' just as there were moments when he seemed to want to 'hang the Kaiser.' But these were little more than electioneering outbursts meaning nothing; and historians will notice that the British Government was firm where it was true to its own tradition on land and sea, and that it vacillated only when it was drawn into the new Continental theory of cash payment. It insisted,

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without hesitation or qualification, on the surrender of the German navy and the German colonies; it assented and demurred, assented and demurred again, over the indemnities and tributes; and finally it came down on the side, not indeed of complete cancellation, — which would have been Utopian, — but of writing down the totals of all war debts and indemnities from an astronomical to a terrestrially conceivable (and payable) figure.

To this, however, America would by no means assent. She was inclined to approve, it is true, of the reduction of the German indemnity to a tolerable figure; in any event that particular issue made little difference to her, since she was not an effective claimant to large sums, like France and Belgium, on the ground of war losses and devastation. But if she was easy with the enemy she was undeniably stiff with her allies. She was insistent on repayment of the loans she had advanced; and she would not consider any scheme of making those payments contingent on the receipt by the Allies of installments of the German indemnity. What the Allies could get out of Germany was their affair; what the United States could get out of Europe was her own business.

This remarkable change of front, this stark financial realism, struck Europe like an east wind after the soft southerly breezes of President Wilson's little lectures on self-determination. It was very bracing; it was also extremely unpleasant. Democracy had gone out with Don Quixote; dividends had come in with Dives.

France may have been wrong in insisting that Germany should pay for the war. America may have been right in the coldness with which she looked upon indemnities. She may have been right again in insisting that her late allies should pay their debts. She may have been equally right in insisting that the Allied settlement of debts should not be contingent on the German payment of reparations. This attitude may have been economically sound and politically justified. But unfortunately it could be represented, and was in fact represented, as a policy that dealt more harshly with an ally who had been abandoned than with an enemy who had been beaten; as a policy by which America stood to gain, whatever happened to her allies — a policy, in short, of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' And the effect of these representations, or misrepresentations, of Washington was not lessened by the reminders broadcast from the United States that if Europe would only abandon her old game of Continental politics and alliances and attend to the business of making money to pay her creditors she would find the half-yearly visit to the American dentist practically painless, and indeed almost a pleasant performance. The homily may have been justified. But it can hardly be described as tactful.

On neither side was the controversy an elevating one. Creditors attempting to enforce payment, and debtors attempting to avoid it, are not necessarily ignoble; but we should hardly choose to present them to an audience of Martians as evidence of the supreme achievements of the human race. Partners in a common enterprise squabbling over their expense sheets are not the most inspiring evidence of coöperation, and the spectacle of allies who have sealed their union in the blood of their sons disputing over the cash value of the common sacrifice could give unqualified pleasure only to a misanthropist.

But the new popular theory of the United States as a nation of Shylocks was even more difficult to swallow than the theory which it had dis-

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placed, of the United States as a nation of Don Quixotes. American charity toward the distressed areas of Europe during and after the war was great and generous. It is true that charity is often the luxury of the rich, and that sometimes it is the solatium of a bad conscience. It was not for Europe to look a gift horse in the mouth; but the contrast between the American Government's mean treatment of the Belgian debt and the American people's compassionate treatment of the Belgian debtors was somewhat too marked to escape comment.

Much of the comment, indeed, was futile and wide of the mark. It is convenient to assume the hypothesis, which is not in itself improbable, that human nature all over the world is a fairly constant factor, and that men in the mass will follow their interests most of the time. But even so, an individual is free to do what he likes with his own surplus wealth; a Government is not free to do what it likes with its assets. The private citizen is accountable to himself alone; the Government is accountable to its citizens and to posterity. That, I think, is at least part of the secret of the transformation of the Quixote that was not into the Shylock that is not. But it is not the whole truth of this matter.

War is not caused by armaments, as innocent peace societies and pacifist politicians sometimes suppose. War is caused by a conflict of ideas or interests, and it results directly from the attempt of one side to impose its will on the other. War is therefore an instrument of policy, but from its nature as a destructive weapon it is only an occasional instrument of a policy which is, or should be, continuous.

What is that continuous policy? Obviously the security of the State and its citizens; by peace if possible, by war if necessary. But when citizens multiply, the State may need to expand; and defense may then cross the invisible line which separates it from offense. The statesman still thinks in terms of security, but it is no longer the security of the existing unit in being, but of the prospective unit in becoming, that he has to safeguard.

These considerations, of course, are elementary. But it is sometimes forgotten that the causes which drive nations to make war become effects in treaties of peace. The victor imposes his will, the loser submits; and in the ideal war the loser pays the victor's costs. (I say the 'ideal' war advisedly, for in the real war the victor spends men as well as money, and the former cannot be repaid.) Compensation is paid by the loser in land or tribute, which reduces his standard of security and living, and adds to that of the victor.

Such was the old and simple doctrine of war, and up to a point the late war was true to type. Germany proposed in 1914 to take the French forts and colonies; and had Germany won after the short, sharp campaign she planned, those, no doubt, would have been among the terms imposed, and France at least would no longer have been a menace to German security.

The Allies had fundamentally the same outlook. But their different situation imposed very different angles of vision. France demanded security — territory, the destruction, or at least reduction, of the German army, and an indemnity. Britain also demanded security — territory overseas, and the destruction of the German navy. Her financial situation, however, differed from that of France, and therefore her financial attitude, as we shall see presently, was different.

The position of America differed, again, from that of France and

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Britain. She entered the war reluctantly and late, because her security was less directly threatened. The United States was therefore able to adopt — at least, to profess — a more disinterested attitude. She sought no territory, and took none. She sought no indemnity, and took none.

From these facts rose the legend of American Quixotism. The facts were true, but the legend was false. The acquisitive instinct is inherent in ambitious States, as in ambitious individuals; possession is not merely nine points of the law, but of human character. The United States has not been superior to the common human desire for land in the past; for a hundred years and more her Government has bought land, fought for land, and negotiated for land continuously. The Louisiana Purchase, the conquest of New Mexico, the 'Fifty-four forty or fight' agitation — these do not suggest any real indifference to enlarging the territories of the Republic at home. Nor, in spite of the old tradition against overseas expansion, does the history of Panama, Cuba, the Philippines, and Hawaii indicate any fundamental objection to extraterritorial possessions of recent years.

The expansionist activities of the United States have been disguised by the fact that they began long before the Declaration of Independence, when the early colonists on the Atlantic seaboard began that long trek to the west which was to end only on the shores of the Pacific; and also by the fact that the colonization of the country has been internal. The imperialism of the people has been concealed, even from themselves, by natural circumstance; but it has been at least as potent, and as successful, as the imperialism of Britain, France, and Germany.

The fact, then, that America annexed no territory in 1919 was probably due to accident rather than superior virtue. She annexed no territory because there was no territory in the market that she wanted to annex. Had Jamaica instead of the Kameruns been a German colony the United States might not have been proof against temptation. It was one thing to refuse a mandate for Armenia; the real test would have come had a mandate for Mexico been repudiated.

So much for territory; tribute was another matter altogether. American statesmen may have realized — as those of Europe did not — that it was as impossible to get money out of Germany on the lines proposed in Paris as for Mr. Horatio Bottomley to hang the Kaiser. But the Allies were owing Washington large sums of money. And the easy altruism of the United States in regard to land was not to be repeated in regard to gold.

There were three different attitudes toward war debts, as toward annexation, and in each case the attitude was determined by local circumstance. France, Italy, and Belgium were all owing large sums to both Britain and America; they were debtors without being creditors. Britain was owing a large sum to America, but her debt was more than offset by the amount owing to her from the Continent; she was a debtor in detail, but a creditor on balance. America alone was the creditor to whom everybody owed money but who owed nothing in return.

It is obvious that between these five associates France, Italy, and Belgium would deprecate the payment of war debts. America would enlarge on the need for States, as for individuals, to meet their obligations. Britain alone, being both debtor and creditor, could take a more impartial view. It can be claimed, without pride or false modesty, that the British Government did so, and that it might have been a good

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thing for the world had the principles of the Balfour Note been accepted.

America, however, would not consider those proposals, and the opportunity passed. It is easy, of couse, to denounce the United States, and to contrast the idealism with which Washington began the war with the hard bargains she drove at the end. Nor were the reproaches entirely without justification. There is a real, and not merely rhetorical, difference between the war debts of allies and ordinary commercial debts. There is something a little repellent about the calculation of sacrifice in terms of statistics. There is an awkward contrast between the service of humanity and the presentation of the bill.

But it must be remembered that the arguments on the other side were by no means negligible; and it should have been foreseen by the European Allies that in certain not improbable circumstances of home politics in the United States they were bound to become decisive.

The United States had raised the money to finance the war — that is to say, to finance her European allies — from her own people, who subscribed freely to Liberty Loans. It might conceivably be possible for Washington to cancel the whole Allied debt to America with a stroke of the pen. But she would still have to pay interest at home on that debt, and ultimately to repay the principal to her own citizens. If Washington had canceled the whole Allied debt, she would indeed have made a noble gesture to suffering Europe. But she would also have saddled her own people with a great part of the cost of a quarrel not of her making — a quarrel in which she was in fact so little interested that she came in last of the major combatants, quitted first, and then repudiated the settlement she had helped to impose.

These things, however noble, are not done by responsible statesmen. First things first; and it is the business of a Government to look after the interests of its own people first.

But it is less certainly the business of a great Government to look after the immediate financial interests of its own people first, last, and all the time, and to ignore — or at least reduce to the vanishing point represented by a diplomatic 'observer' who attends, but takes no direct part in, international conferences — what may be ultimately greater political interests. Those interests may be correlated with the interests of other States and peoples, considerations of high policy may sometimes override monetary considerations of local and temporary importance, and prestige in the outer world may eventually be more important than election slogans and personal or party reputations at home. The imponderables, after all, exist, and even though they are ignored in the current balance-sheet of a nation, they may affect future balance-sheets and the factors which make up those balance-sheets.

These ancillary but hardly negligible considerations appear to have escaped the authorities at Washington; or if they did pay attention to these matters, they decided to take the cash and let the credit go. Any foreign comment on that decision is, of course, suspect of being prejudiced, or inspired by ulterior motives; and the suspicion is no doubt often well founded. But the decision has been not quite unanimously received in the United States, where there have been weighty if not very vocal elements of public opinion which have doubted its wisdom. The demagogues are naturally all in favor of collecting the uttermost farthing. But some shrewd politicians question the possibility of binding engagements

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between States extending over sixty years or more. Many financiers question the wisdom of cornering gold. And more than one moralist has questioned the ethical soundness of the policy.

It must frankly be admitted that the problem, from the purely American angle, is very complex. It is certainly not a legitimate criticism that Washington failed to cancel the whole Allied debt; she could not fairly have done so as the responsible representative of American interests. Nor would it probably be quite fair to reproach the American Government with failing to adopt the Balfour Note policy as it stood; it could perhaps hardly, in justice to its own taxpayers, have gone quite so far. But the Balfour Note policy might at least have served as a basis for discussion. And it is obvious — at least it seems obvious to us on this side of the Atlantic — that the United States could have gone a little further than she did, and risked a little more in the way of generosity, if only to heighten her own prestige.

England is, when all is said and done, a proud and wealthy country, and we cannot afford to haggle over halfpence with our creditors; we would rather pay than be patronized. France is also a country of some considerable resources, and those who live in glass houses at Paris should not throw stones at American avarice. But Italy is assuredly not a land corrupted by excessive wealth; yet Italy has also had her elbow jogged and her attention called to the account rendered. And even if it is argued that Italy must pay for the dignity of becoming a Great Power, was it necessary to dun Belgium? It is reported that President Wilson was for canceling the Belgian debt to the United States, on the universally recognized ground of her special position and the splendid gallantry of a little nation attacked in defiance of treaty obligations. That course of action, however, did not appeal to his successors at the White House, for the bargain has since been repudiated, and the cancellation has itself been canceled.

This particular transaction, it must be admitted, sticks a little in the throat. There is good authority for the proposition that the first shall be last. But it is a novel application of the text to give the first to bear the brunt of an invasion the privilege of paying tribute for assistance to the last that steps into the breach.

The powers of Governments may be limited, but it is surely inconceivable that they are as limited as this; and I for one refuse to believe that the American people will look with pleasure, let alone pride, on this particular transaction in years to come. It is one thing to request a settlement of accounts with the British Empire, for we speak with the United States as equals. It is surely quite another thing to take toll from a country whose area is less than that of Maine, whose population is less than that of New York State, and whose revenue is less than that of the London County Council.

The official avarice of the United States has been sufficiently discussed in Europe. The private generosity of the United States citizens has received less adequate recognition on this side of the Atlantic. The contrast between the two is so remarkable that it obviously invites examination. But the explanation of the discrepancy is not, I think, very recondite. It will some day be recognized as a misfortune for America, and indeed for the whole world, that the United States had no concrete objective in the war. She fought, it is true, for liberty, for democracy, for fourteen points, but not for her life. Her national existence was

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never directly menaced; Germany in her most chauvinistic moments did not contemplate the Kaiser sending one of his sons as dictator to dragoon the subject province of New York.

America fought well for an abstract idea, but she alone among the combatants had no material objective. And men, being by nature an acquisitive and predatory race, are so made that if they possess no material objective they have to find one. It was precisely because American citizens were not vitally interested in the war that they were persuaded into the idealist policy of President Wilson. But it was precisely because they found pure idealism so dissatisfying that they reverted to the other extreme and accepted the materialist policy of his successors. The diet of noble words was followed by collection of the debt and the formation of further fantastic claims against Britain for blockade damage; the cold fit succeeded the hot.

Everybody else had got something out of the war; why should America not at least pay her expenses? So ran the argument, and up to a point it was valid. Unfortunately, America was genuinely indifferent to territory, because there was no territory at stake or available that would have added to her strength or importance; but for the very reason that it was impossible to think of victory in terms of land it became easy to think of it in terms of cash. For a political was substituted a financial imperialism.

I have no particular patience with current denunciations of capital and capitalism; nor have England and France always shown themselves sufficiently indifferent to the Golden Calf to cast many stones across the Atlantic. But a territorial imperialism is on a more solid basis than a financial imperialism, and for a simple reason. Land implies responsibility on the part of the possessor toward the possessed; for his own sake, and his own profit, he will look after the material well-being of the subject province, and seek its prosperity, if only in order that his own interests may flourish. But in the payment of debts the responsibility is all on the debtor's side, and the only duty of the creditor is to receive the money. A territorial empire cannot be an absentee landlord; a financial empire can be an absentee stockholder. The former shoulders the maximum of responsibility with the minimum of profit; the latter accepts the minimum of responsibility with the maximum of profit. It may exist for a time, but it can strike no root of loyalty, of good-will, of respect or mutual affection such as is necessary if any human institution is to endure; and sooner or later the empire built on gold will collapse like the house built on the sands.

The unhappy results of this policy are indeed already beginning to manifest themselves. America is frankly disillusioned with Europe. Europe is frankly disillusioned with America. The time will surely come when America will be disillusioned with herself and will exchange her present vision of financial imperialism for the territorial expansion that inevitably again awaits her at some time in the future. In the Philippines she has shown a real sense of responsibility toward the people she governs. It is a strange commentary on the limitations of human statecraft that the Filipinos have been more fortunate than the Belgians.

In Paradise, I understand, the floor is paved with gold; but on this present earth gold is the symbol, land the substance, on which human power and rule are based. And those who strive after the symbol therefore deceive themselves; for when the substance is absent the symbol cannot breed.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ANILINE[1]

BY DOCTOR ROBERT KAHN

JUST one hundred years ago, in 1826, aniline first appeared in chemical literature. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this event for the progress of both theoretical and practical chemistry and of modern industry. It laid the basis for a brilliant series of subsequent discoveries the influence of which has extended far beyond the boundaries of chemistry itself, and threw new light upon the atomic constitution of matter. . . .

An almost endless variety of substances can be derived from aniline or isolated with its aid. We have no absolute statistics upon the subject, but it is safe to say that the aniline derivatives already known reach the neighborhood of ten thousand. Neither have we dependable data as to the total quantity of aniline produced in the world or in what proportion it is devoted to different objects. In 1913, when Germany made a much larger percentage of all the aniline salts manufactured than she does to-day, her exports of dyes exceeded sixty-four thousand metric tons, besides nearly thirty-four thousand tons of synthetic indigo and allied products. These figures have been reduced by considerably more than one half as a result of the war, although rising prices make the value of our exports to-day nearly equal to that of the pre-war period. Furthermore, these figures include only a fraction of our coal-tar products if we include those more distantly related to the aniline family. For example, in 1913 Germany shipped abroad more than one hundred and eight thousand tons of coal-tar colors not usually classified in the aniline group.

All the ideas which we associate to-day with the word 'aniline' were not born in a day or conceived in the mind of a single scientist. No less than seventeen years and five distinguished names are associated with that work. But in 1826 a German chemist named O. Unverdorben isolated and described for the first time a comparatively pure form of aniline, so that we can fix this as its natal year.

Free aniline does not occur in nature, but it is formed by the decomposition of several natural products. It was thus that it was first produced by its original discoverer. He was trying to analyze a number of natural substances by heating them to such a high temperature that their molecular constitution would be changed. He hoped in this manner to gain some knowledge of the constitution of the simpler components of these substances, from which he might conjecture the constitution of the substances themselves. He used a rather primitive and violent method, which has nevertheless occasionally been successful and is still resorted to in certain instances. At that time, however, it was one of the few methods available for investigating organic substances.

The multitude of compounds which make up vegetable and animal organism or result from their decompo-

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *August* 21, 24

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sition were an impenetrable mystery to the chemist of one hundred years ago. It took courage and the enthusiasm of youth to venture into such a labyrinth. So we find this twenty-year-old investigator publishing in 1826 the results of his experiments under the title: 'Concerning the Conduct of Organic Substances under High Temperatures.' He describes how he had submitted a number of animal and vegetable substances, including bones, flesh, glue, cheese, amber, rosin, tobacco, and indigo, to 'dry distillation' in order to study the results of their 'pyrogenic decomposition.' Among a great variety of other products of their decomposition, he succeeded in isolating an oily, alkaline material which united with acids to form alkaloids so susceptible to crystallization that he named it 'crystalline.' Apparently the discoverer was struck by a certain analogy to the plant alkaloids, like quinine and morphine, used in medicine; for he appended to his monograph an offer to supply samples of the new material to physicians for pharmaceutical experiments — an offer to which there seems to have been no response.

Contemporary chemists, however, at once noticed and appreciated the possible value of the work done by the young investigator. Berzelius, the chemical potentate of the day, honored him with mention in his textbook upon chemistry, thus incorporating crystalline in the recognized list of chemical substances. To be sure, it was a peculiar compound, an erratic substance outside the orbit of the chemistry of the time — in fact a sort of scientific curiosity. No one dreamed that it was destined to revolutionize chemical theory, to prove the starting point for thousands of new chemical combinations, and to create a great industry.

Eight years later, in 1834, aniline was rediscovered. F. Runge succeeded in isolating previously unknown compounds from coal tar, among them carbolic acid, chinoline, and aniline. Runge proceeded to investigate thoroughly the composition of these newly discovered substances, and found among other things that aniline, when dissolved with chloride of lime, produces a blue color. This made him name the new material 'kyanol,' which means 'blue oil.' Even to-day the chloride of lime reaction affords one of the best ways of detecting aniline. Runge did not discover that his kyanol was identical with Unverdorben's crystalline, and no other chemist of the period hit upon that idea.

Another six years elapsed, when in 1840 the well-known chemist C. J. Fritzsche published a communication entitled 'Concerning Aniline, a New Product Resulting from the Decomposition of Indigo.' Fritzsche had been studying the phenomena attending the fusion of indigo with caustic soda or caustic potash, and had obtained 'a fluid which condensed in the neck of the retort to an oily substance and distilled over.' He named the compound 'aniline,' from the Spanish word *añil*, 'indigo.' In a postscript to Fritzsche's communication, Erdmann, the publisher of the journal in which it appeared, pointed out the probability that Fritzsche's aniline was chemically identical with Unverdorben's crystalline. It is surprising that Fritzsche himself supposed the substance entirely new, for a chemist of his distinction must certainly have known about Unverdorben's work. The suspicion arises that he did not want to recognize the identity, and both Erdmann and Liebig, in discussing the matter later, intimated that this was the case.

We must recognize, however, that Fritzsche gave a new impulse to the

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study of aniline, and added considerably to our knowledge of that substance by his thorough and careful analytical investigations. He later developed more fully the genetic relation of aniline to indigo, and thus made another important addition to our knowledge of the character of this important substance. Among other things, Fritzsche discovered that aniline produced a brilliant coloring matter when acted upon by chromic acid — a reaction which is still extensively employed in the manufacture of aniline blacks. But none of the chemists who interested themselves in the subject at the time, neither Fritzsche, Runge, Erdmann, nor Liebig,— the latter probably the best-informed scientist of the day on such matters,— suggested the possibility that aniline might be identical with Runge's kyanol.

After this, progress was faster. Important advances were made in the chemistry of benzol, which Faraday had first distilled from coal tar in 1825. Among the derivatives of this extremely important substance was nitrobenzol, produced by the action of nitric acid upon benzol, which is employed as a cheap scent in the manufacture of perfumery. In 1842 a chemist named N. N. Zinin published the results of an investigation which included experiments with the reaction of ammonium sulphate upon nitrobenzol. He thus obtained a distillable oil which, with a true intuition of its chemical character, he named 'benzidam.' Fritzsche immediately called attention to the fact that this benzidam was identical with his aniline and with Unverdorben's crystalline. Thus was discovered the possibility of producing aniline from benzol distilled from coal tar, an exceedingly important step toward the commercial production of this substance.

A year later, in 1843, a talented young chemist, August Wilhelm von Hofmann, who, though only twenty-five years old, was already Liebig's assistant at Giessen, was able to put the capstone on the structure. Taking up Runge's work where he had left it almost ten years before, he started an investigation of kyanol and leucol, — or chinoline, — the coal tar bases discovered by Runge, with a view to elucidating their chemical constitution. He printed the results of his work in a classic monograph entitled 'Chemical Investigations of the Organic Bases in Tar Oil.' An asphalt factory, which later became a great chemical establishment, supplied him with more than half a ton of coal-tar oil for his researches. From this he was able, by a laborious process, to isolate about five pounds of mixed kyanol and leucol. He separated the two, contrived methods for producing chemically pure kyanol, and started a series of careful analyses to determine its exact composition. He ascertained its true boiling point and its other physical, chemical, and physiological characteristics. These corresponded very closely with those fixed by Fritzsche for aniline and by Zinin for benzidam. The young investigator then prepared — by the methods used by Unverdorben, Fritzsche, and Zinin respectively — crystalline, aniline, and benzidam, compared their characteristics, and proved experimentally that the four substances, produced by four different methods, and bearing four different names, were chemically identical. He also made the happy conjecture that aniline was closely related to carbolic acid. Six years later, in 1849, Hunt, following up this hint, demonstrated its truth by producing carbolic acid from a reaction of nitric acid upon aniline. Hofmann rejected the name 'kyanol' as a barbarous combination of two languages, and favored calling the substance 'crys-

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talline,' at least provisionally. Berzelius decided, however, in favor of 'aniline,' 'because there is no good reason for naming a substance from a quality, such as the readiness with which it crystallizes, which is possessed by a great number of other substances.'

Up to this date, and for some time afterward, nothing suggested that the discovery of aniline would lead to remarkable results. Older chemists, from Liebig to Bunsen, were immersed in problems of inorganic chemistry, while the younger generation were busy with questions of chemical theory, which they sought to solve principally by the analysis of organic substances. In fact, it was at this time that the foundation of modern chemical theory was laid. An Englishman named Mansfield, however, made a discovery which rendered the commercial production of aniline possible by developing a practical process for obtaining benzol from coal tar, thereby opening the way to the production of nitrobenzol in large quantities. This promising chemist, however, was a victim of his profession, dying in 1855 from burns received from a benzol explosion.

Between 1845 and 1865, when he was called to Berlin University, Hofmann resided in England, where he was a teacher in the College of Chemistry at London. One of his pupils, William Henry Perkin, surmised that it might be possible to produce synthetic quinine by oxidizing allyl toluidin. Failing in this attempt, he tried to do the same thing with the simpler substance, aniline, and though he did not get quinine — which has not been produced synthetically to this day — he isolated in 1856 from the product of the reaction a violet dye which he patented in 1858 under the name of 'mauve.' Two years later Hofmann himself reported that he had produced a red dye from aniline. This was isolated by another process by the French chemist Verguin at Lyon, and manufactured under the name of 'fuchsine.'

From this discovery dates the marvelous expansion of the manufacture of coal-tar colors. The wonderful scarlet dye that first aroused the admiration of the world was followed within a few years by the discovery of aniline violet, aniline blue, aniline green, methyl violet, and other equally beautiful hues, all of which were closely related to fuchsine. In the seventies the malachite green series was discovered, to be followed a little later by the acid aniline dyes, including acid fuchsine, acid violet, light green, patent blue, and others. These were produced by treating the original coloring materials with sulphuric acid, and possessed the advantage of freedom from moisture and greater permanence.

To go back a little, 1863 was the birth year of aniline black dyeing, which is based upon Fritzsche's discovery, which we have already noted, that several colors, ranging from green to black, were produced by treating aniline with chromic acid. An Englishman, John Lightfoot, was the first to perfect a commercial method for producing these colors, which have worked a revolution in textile printing. Another important early contribution to the chemistry of aniline was Peter Griess's discovery, in 1858, that by converting aniline and certain of its derivatives into carbolic acid — through a nitric acid reaction — he was able to isolate several unstable intermediate products, which he called 'diazo' compounds. These substances, which are extraordinarily sensitive to reactions, made it possible to produce from aniline a great number of other important compounds, including the so-called azo dyes, such as ponceaux, Congo red, and benzopurpurin B, of great importance in industry. The

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simplest representative of this series, aniline blue, was first sold commercially in 1864.

At the present time we have no less than four hundred and sixty azo dyes, representing every color and shade of the spectrum, of which more than two hundred are recognized commercial products. The fuchsine series embraces some seventy-five colors. The latter are aniline in the narrow sense of the word, as only aniline and substances immediately related to it are employed in their production. In making dyes of the azo series, however, a great number of additional substances are used, although almost without exception they likewise are extracted from coal tar.

Passing over other important but subsidiary ramifications of the industry, we come to another great discovery, which, so to speak, closes a cycle in this field of investigation. That was the production of synthetic indigo seventy-one years after Unverdorben obtained aniline from indigo. Scientifically, the problem had been solved twenty years earlier by Adolf Baeyer, Liebig's successor at Munich University, whose name is inseparably associated with the rise of the German chemical industry. He proved that this 'king of colors' could be made in several different ways from coal-tar derivatives. But the capstone to these researches was laid in 1890, when Heumann succeeded in producing acid indigo from aniline. It took several years and a vast expenditure of money, however, to develop a method by which this could be done commercially. This discovery affords a classical illustration of the commercial returns which accrue from purely scientific research. Only thirty years ago Germany's imports of natural indigo amounted to well toward four million dollars per annum. Ten years later Germany not only manufactured all the indigo she used at home, but she exported that product to the value of between seven and eight million dollars.

Aniline is also of great importance as a source of certain medicines. Unverdorben was not so far astray in calling the attention of physicians to his 'crystalline.' To be sure, aniline itself cannot be used as a medicine, but one of its simplest derivatives, acetanilide, has proved to be an excellent febrifuge, and is sold under the name of 'antifebrine.' A whole series of other fever remedies, including antipyrine and its derivative pyramidon, is likewise closely related to aniline. Salvarsan is also derived from the same substance. In 1923, Germany's monthly production of pharmaceutical products of aniline origin included nearly eight metric tons of antipyrine, an equal quantity of pyramidon, and nearly seven hundred and sixty kilogrammes of salvarsan.

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BISMARCK AS A PACIFIST[1]

BY HENRI DES HOUX

[THIS article is the substance of an interview which a French journalist, Henri des Houx, had with Bismarck at Friedrichsruh in April 1890. It was published at that time in *Le Matin*. Attention to it has been revived by its inclusion in the third volume of Bismarck's collected writings, *Gesammelte Werke Bismarcks*, now being published in Berlin. The conversation occurred at Bismarck's dinner table.]

As a mark of kindly, almost coquettish, attention, the Prince had placed a couple of beautiful roses in front of his place and mine. 'These roses are named after Marshal Niel,' he said, as he asked me to smell them. The Prince speaks French as correctly as he does German, but one can detect a slight deliberation in choosing his words. He never improvises, but always picks out precisely the proper term. Once or twice I was tempted to help him, but the Prince rejected the word I suggested, and used the one that was on his lips, which was invariably the more appropriate and expressive. . . .

When the Prince rose from the table we proceeded in single file into the living-room, where he seated himself in an easy-chair. His big pipe was ready. One of his intimate companions filled it and lighted it. That pipe was the ex-Chancellor's special privilege. His guests were offered excellent Havana cigars.

A feeling of delicacy almost compelled me to close my ears when conversation in this intimate family circle turned to topics not intended for my attention. The Prince himself made but sparing allusions to the 'incident.' He casually mentioned his triumphant departure from Berlin, and the six thousand telegrams of appreciation and regret that he received during the first three days after his retirement to Friedrichsruh. 'It was,' he said, 'a handsome funeral, — a first-class funeral, as you say in France, — and yet I am still alive.' A moment later he added: 'I can't understand why the French law makes retirement compulsory for generals and officials when they reach the age of sixty or sixty-five. That may be just the time when they are worth the most to their country. I have been turned out at seventy-five, and yet I feel like a young man, altogether too young to give up work. I was used to public life, and I miss it.'

But the Prince was more discursive when discussing other political events and indulging in historical reminiscences. He said: 'My earliest memories of Paris are in connection with Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor. Empress Eugénie said to me a few days later, "I am sure the Emperor won't be killed by a bullet, but by cold steel." That was a true prophecy, for Napoleon III survived his battles with Italy and France, and died under the knife of a surgeon.'

He continued: 'Germany has now rounded out her frontiers. We are

[1] From *Tägliche Rundschau* (Berlin Stresemann-Party daily), *September* 2

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satisfied, and I hope to sleep in peace in my finally finished Fatherland. We are not like you. Your emperors and kings have always sought someone against whom they could exercise their national lust for conquest. In 1857, when I was in Paris and Count Hatzfeldt represented Prussia there, Napoleon III invited me to the Tuileries and said: "Two political courses are open to me. One leads France to the Rhine, and would compel me to annex three million people there" (the Emperor was not very strong in statistics, and exaggerated the population of the Rhineland), "and likewise Belgium. The conquest of Belgium would force me, as it did Louis XIV, to go on to Holland; for what is Belgium without Holland? We should have to hold possession of the whole mouth of the Rhine and the Meuse. Such a policy would carry me where it carried Louis XIV. It would result in a European coalition against France, and I do not want that. I shall not repeat the errors that have already cost my country so much. I prefer the other course. I shall not try to make the Mediterranean a French lake. Nevertheless, the French flag must be supreme there, and I shall have to drive out the English. To do that, two things are necessary — an alliance of the neutral maritime States against England, and the creation of a Mediterranean Power friendly to France, allied with her, and obligated to her. That Power is Italy. I want Prussia to help me in this. Her navy should join with ours against England, and, if I should suddenly declare war upon Austria, Prussia should keep the Confederation out of the game."

'I might have asked the Emperor how he reconciled this policy with the Crimean War, but I contented myself with saying: "Sire, Frederick William IV has no more loyal subject than myself, but at the same time none who is more independent-minded. I am the only one of his representatives independent enough not to repeat to him a single word of the confidential disclosure with which you honor me. I beg you not even to whisper these things to Count Hatzfeldt, for he would not be as independent as I am; he would immediately tell the whole story to the King. Consider what the consequences might be."

'The Emperor had forgotten how close the ties were which bound the predecessor of William I to England. He recalled them afterward, and a few days later thanked me effusively for my silence. Had I repeated to the King of Prussia at that time a single word of what he said, it might have set Europe on fire. . . .

'My sovereign saw Napoleon III in 1867, during the International Exhibition. That was just one year after 1866! I must say we played some politics then. It was the year of the Luxembourg affair. All my associates wanted to take advantage of that row to declare war on France. We had the most modern weapons, while France's military equipment was worthless and out of date. We had a splendidly organized army, with our Landwehr and our Landsturm, while Marshal Niel, whose rose you see here — do you pronounce it Ni-el or Nil? — had only just got the *Corps Législatif* to authorize your mobile reserve, and your soldiers as yet had no chassepots. All my friends wanted to declare war at once, since our success was assured because you were utterly unprepared. You were far less prepared than in 1870, while we were all aglow with military ardor after our recent victory over Austria. But I absolutely refused to consider war, for we could settle everything peaceably, as we eventually did. My reason was' — and here the

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Prince straightened himself up, his eyes grew moist, and his voice became solemn — 'that I never could tolerate taking advantage of the military inferiority of a country to declare an unnecessary war against it. I said to the King, my master, that the hour of battle belonged to God, and that the fortunes of battle were decreed by Providence. No nation had the right to attack another simply because it was the stronger and readier, and the other the weaker and less prepared. . . .'

When the conversation turned to contemporary conditions in Europe, the Prince repeated several times: 'Germany will never — mind what I say! — will never attack France. Neither will she ever provoke France to attack her. She will never directly or indirectly seek a pretext for war. We shall not attack you, and if we wanted to we could not. Our Constitution forbids us to use the Landwehr and the Landsturm for an offensive war. Were we to violate the Constitution in order to strike at France, our own people would turn the arms we place in their hands against us. The German people are just as peaceable as they are patriotic. They will give their last drop of blood for their Fatherland, but woe to the man who tries to drag them away from the pursuits of peace to engage in a war of conquest. Our nation is now absorbed in industry and trade. It is doing very well, considering our barren soil. We are not as highly favored by nature as you are. We do not occupy as bountifully blessed a section of the planet. In spite of all that, we have made such progress that peace is far better for us to-day than any war. My countrymen would fight courageously to defend what they have so laboriously won, but they would never imperil their present gains by unjustly attacking others. Besides, we have no claim on any other territory whatsoever. Our country is finished. Why then should we want to fight you? We have nothing more to take from you; and as for the others, what would be the good? We would not have Holland —'

I made a gesture of surprise, whereupon the Prince repeated: 'We would not have Holland, or the Baltic provinces either. They would be too difficult to digest. We consider the territorial integrity of France, like that of Austria, a necessity for Europe. We know that Russia would step in to protect France, just as we should defend Austria were Russia to attack her. That is so whether I am Chancellor or not. All Germans feel that way. I am not speaking of a little military clan which is always hunting for trouble. They count for no more with us than they do with you. I have always wanted to live at peace with France, even to have peace *quand même*.'

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AMERICA AND FRANCE. II [1]

BY A. DE TEOUF

THE General Electric Company spends on its laboratories, in strictly scientific research, about one hundred and thirty million francs per annum, or probably ten times as much as is expended for similar purposes by all the learned institutions of France. Yet these laboratories — where Langmuir first produced an ultimate vacuum, where Steinmetz made all his discoveries, where Edison has collaborated, where Elihu Thomson spent the most fruitful years of his life as a scientist, where Coolidge perfected the vacuum tube, where tungsten lamps were brought to the point of practical utility, where a systematic study of turbine vibrations has just been completed, where the speaking film has been made a final success, and where a method has been discovered for welding all metals by the autogenic process in atomic hydrogen — represent only a fraction of what is being done by this one company to advance technical progress. The great establishment at Schenectady, with its twenty thousand skilled workers, is in effect one big laboratory, which is constantly developing new processes of electrical technique destined to revolutionize the market within two years, five years, or ten years to come. For example, after fifteen years' labor, and the expenditure of two million dollars, Mr. Emmet has finally succeeded in putting upon a commercial footing a mercury turbine which reduces fuel consumption in central stations by nearly one third.

I saw studies under way there for the application of ideas that seem revolutionary to-day, and that raise technical problems of the utmost difficulty, which it would be folly to attack at all without the assurance that years of uninterrupted labor and millions of dollars could be devoted to their solution. Such undertakings are possible because America is rich; but even more because America seeks progress and insists upon having it. Such expenditures are figured into costs of production; and American engineers are convinced that such expenditures are imperative under pain of extinction by competitors. Similarly, manufacturers include in their costs a considerable item for plant depreciation just as regularly as they do the cost of fuel. They know that progress demands speedy replacement.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all in the United States is that prosperous industries, instead of contenting themselves with enjoying their profits in peace, constantly strive to do things better, to prepare themselves for new demands, even before these actually exist. Contrary to general opinion, it is not so much the American individual as American industry that craves progress, that demands progress from an instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as an improvement has been perfected, the next step is to ensure its adoption. A wonderful organization exists for doing that, by intensive publicity campaigns, which influence

[1] From *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris Independent political-affairs monthly), *August* 10

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mass psychology by simple and almost puerile devices. Little effort is made to demonstrate the superiority of an article or to describe its intrinsic merits. The advertiser merely asserts over and over again that it is the best thing in the market, the only thing a person ought to buy. This is reiterated on every street corner, in every newspaper, in every public conveyance, until it sinks indelibly into the public mind. But there is also a subtler method, designed to win the confidence of the customer. The manufacturer makes himself his client's friend, protector. More than that, he encourages him to become a shareholder. Forty per cent of the capital of the companies distributing electricity in the United States is owned by consumers. In some cases these corporations are farsighted enough to dissuade a client from purchasing its own products when others chance to be superior, in order to have his confidence when it has something it can honestly recommend.

I had an opportunity to study in detail methods used to popularize electric illumination in America. Their scope is astounding: veritable educational campaigns are conducted to demonstrate the advantages of adequate and well-distributed lighting; interesting experiments in physics illustrate the principles involved; sample rooms are equipped with several lighting systems to show the respective good and bad points of each; specimen residential apartments of every kind, and perfectly lighted show windows, are exhibited to illustrate the proper equipment for each; striking statistical tables and diagrams are displayed. One such diagram showed graphically the percentage of accidents in factories of the same class with different degrees of lighting, demonstrating a striking diminution of casualties in those having the best illumination. Another recorded the number of passers-by who stopped in front of a show window in proportion to the degree to which it was lighted — for instance, tripling the illumination increased the number who stopped ten times, and doubled sales. The ratio that cost of electricity bears to other household expenses was also shown by charts. Little tracts describing new electrical devices in popular language are sent out regularly to consumers. The president of a great company does not hesitate to affix his signature to familiar letters to its clients, relating perhaps an amusing anecdote illustrating the advantages of such and such a piece of equipment. Americans, who are somewhat childlike in their psychology, respond readily to these appeals. In a word, the producer never waits for a prospective customer to discover that he needs something — he goes out and persuades the customer that he absolutely must have the article in question, although the latter was previously unaware that this aching void in his life existed.

They go even further than this in America. They actually create needs, physical as well as psychological. In order to extend sales, standard initial installations are put in at an extremely low price, and even free. I learned of such cases as the following. A representative of an electric company goes to a gentleman who thinks his house is well lighted and asks permission to improve the lighting of the kitchen. This is done so as to triple the illumination. A few days later the lady of the house discovers that all the rest of her residence is inadequately lighted. She finds that she cannot get along without extending the better system from the kitchen to the entire establishment. By such devices as these the American consumer is persuaded that he needs at least three times as many

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things as a French consumer. When I returned from the United States I discovered that you cannot see clearly after dark anywhere in France.

Does this imply a real increase in general comfort? That is not certain. New needs have been created and satisfied; consumption has been multiplied. In order to encourage consumption it has become a point of business ethics to furnish perfect service. Convinced as Americans are that perfect service is the best kind of advertising, they never quibble over the quality, or even the luxuriousness, of their installations. Everything, in a word, is subordinated to increasing sales, and this is done principally by creating new needs and by winning the confidence of customers.

When we compare merchandising methods in France with those in the United States, we must confess that confidence counts for much less here than it does there. An American naturally trusts a person sooner than does a Frenchman. That is one aspect of his community spirit. An American does not haggle, and for that reason he can demand better service. In the outcome he gets a better bargain than the individualist. We touch here upon one of the profounder causes of America's industrial greatness.

Possibly another psychological trait is also involved. That is a love of security, solidity, reliability — which is much stronger among Americans than among the French. It is accounted for partly by the high cost of labor, which makes costs of repairs and maintenance much higher in the United States than in France. But it is also due to a popular appreciation of the truth that a stoppage of production costs more than the extra price of good work and good materials. High-grade materials, regularity of supply, and reliable service, are — as every American will tell you — essential to quantity production. The slightest falling-off in quality, or the briefest delay in delivery, is fatal. This conviction may be partly due to the ease with which high-class materials and regular deliveries can be procured in the United States. But whatever the explanation, the people over there are willing to pay a high price for reliability. We Frenchmen are wont to assume that we are getting the best bargain when we pay the lowest price, provided we can have an article made just as we want it. We thus encourage the manufacturer to adapt his machinery to individual orders. That adds considerably to production costs, invites disputes, and in the outcome we are not as well served as the American. In addition to all this, there is the question of confidence — and confidence is not our forte.

In America's race to increase sales even her great home market has become too narrow. Even her people have not enough money to keep up her high-speed production. It has been necessary — and we come here to a decidedly weak point in her economic structure — to hypothecate the future, to sell on credit. While we are probably too thrifty, the American is probably too extravagant. Credit sales have attained enormous proportions in the United States; nearly everything is sold on installments. Of the seven thousand automobiles that one of the factories I visited turns out daily, at the rate of one automobile for every three employees, I was told that less than seven hundred were bought for cash; the others were bought 'on tick.' By the time a car bought on credit is paid for it is already old and out of date, and the owner buys a new one, also on the installment plan. Not only automobiles, but household conveniences, radio sets, furniture, and clothing are sold in the same way.

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I was told that the aggregate private indebtedness in the United States exceeds ten billion dollars. That is an extremely perilous situation. If an industrial crisis accompanied by unemployment should occur, the whole credit structure would crumble, and manufacturing would go down with it. That is the reverse side of this constant effort to intensify production, which inevitably leads to overacceleration, to 'exceeding the speed limit.' It is a symptom of another kind of confidence, which seems to a Frenchman imprudence — the confidence of a nation which has been marvelously successful, in whose hands everything has turned to gold, whose wealth and power have grown by leaps and bounds for several decades, and which naturally thinks that this will continue forever. But every road has its turning. It is sometimes necessary to change direction in order to keep within the limits of the possible. Germany attempted to do so in 1914, when her overdeveloped industry and credit structure made it unavoidable. America's condition is very different from that of Germany before the war. The United States is not overpopulated; its national economy is not based, like that of Germany, upon artificially stimulated export markets; its natural resources are vastly greater. But one sees indubitable signs that the country is reaching a state of saturation which only a quick change of direction will avoid. I believe her people will be forced by economic logic to assist Europe to get on its feet, by debt concessions, foreign loans, and tariff reduction, because it will be imperative for them to find foreign markets for their excess products. There will be a crisis, but it will be temporary, because the country's economic organism is fundamentally sound.

Already the United States has been forced to recant some articles in the creed of unrestricted private enterprise of which it was so proud. After staking its faith on free competition as all that was needed to regulate railways, public utilities, and other great enterprises, its citizens have discovered that too much freedom can be disastrous for the public welfare. Too many competing railways operating independently of each other produced grave evils, such as rate wars, an uneconomical localization of industries, unfair rebates, trusts and monopolies. At length the Government had to take control of railway charges and railway financing. Something similar had occurred in harbor works. So state intervention in private business has slowly but steadily increased.

But the American Government is still young. The ablest men do not flock into its civil service. Government employment attracts as a rule men of less initiative, who are content with an assured but routine existence. This explains why aggressive American business men, although they may defend their Government to a foreigner, are not eager to see its functions extended. That very feeling in turn discourages ambitious men from entering public service.

An efficient bureaucracy is characteristic of countries which have a tradition. It is the fruit of time; its continuity adds yearly to its influence; its authority grows and draws to it recruits of the first ability, until, perchance, it becomes too strong and the people revolt against it. America does not yet possess a well-established bureaucracy, and has accommodated herself to doing without one. Private initiative never waits upon government initiative. The State does not interfere until this is unavoidable in order to keep liberty from degenerating into license. When it does act, as in case of prohibition and immigration, it does so with an energy that

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borders on violence, and that seems tyrannical to a foreigner. But that is the only way a Government which lacks highly developed organs of administration can act. Perhaps a Frenchman is overimpressed by the excesses and eccentricities of what is, after all, still an amateur Government, and overlooks the vital interests which inspire such measures of public safety. The worst ravages of alcoholism have been checked by Prohibition. The immigration law has transformed America. Such reforms have their bizarre aspects, but the social organism has defended itself against far graver evils. That is what matters. State intervention is simplified to a rough and ready surgical operation.

In France we have gradually come around to this attitude: I attend to my own affairs; let the Government attend to other people's affairs. State intervention has been favored by the individual citizen's refusal to concern himself with anything but his private affairs. The American, on the other hand, anticipates the Government in taking up social tasks. Big manufacturing companies establish their own schools for apprentices, insure their employees, take care of the worker's savings, encourage him to buy property, lend him money to build houses, sell him their own stock at bargain prices and on installments — and so on indefinitely. Here again the prosperity of American industry favors such initiative. But equally prosperous industries in France have not always acted on this principle. When they do, moreover, it is not in the same way — in a community spirit that scrupulously abstains from interfering with the private affairs of the workers, but encourages their independence and initiative. What is given in America is given without strings tied to it, with the idea that, directly or indirectly, and without the need of taking further thought about it, the company will profit in the end.

In America, furthermore, living is incomparably easier than in France. We generally have strikes in periods of prosperity. Over there years sometimes pass without an important labor disturbance in industries which are continuously making high profits. There are practically no trade-unionists in the General Electric Works. I asked one of the managers at Schenectady which of the measures for the benefit of employees had produced the best results — life insurance, loans at a low rate for building homes, opportunities to buy stock in the company, amusements, lectures, technical courses, shop newspapers, and the like. He answered: 'Good wages and courteous treatment.'

In fact, one of the things that struck me most in America was the spirit of equality and fraternity that prevails among owners, managers, and workmen. The manager's office at Schenectady is in the middle of the plant, and occupies a sort of glass cage, where everyone going to work can see the boss. It is open to everybody. There is no messenger or watchman at the door. Whoever wants to can come in. There are no formulas of respect. A manager and an employee simply say 'Hello!' to each other. Nothing in the expression of their faces when they are talking to each other indicates that one is the superior and the other the subordinate. Shop discipline is in many ways unusually strict, but without subservience or patronizing.

Here again one encounters still another phase of the spirit of mutual confidence and real equality that is characteristic of the country. That spirit of equality is not due to any system of employers' management; it springs from the very nature of things.

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In the first place, high wages put worker and proprietor more nearly on a level. In the next place, the education and the intellectual background of the two are more alike than they are with us. They have attended the same school, and have many of the same tastes. Employer and employee are not as far apart in respect to artistic, literary, or scientific interests as they are in Europe. They go to the same shows and talk about the same subjects. Both own motor cars and radio sets. Both go fishing, and play football or baseball. They talk about sports, politics, and business. Not infrequently the workingman, as well as his employer, speculates in stocks. Like the parts of their machines, they are in a sense interchangeable mechanism. Many officials were themselves workmen, and it is not rare for a former foreman to return to the bench. To a great extent all men in America are really the equivalents of each other; they differ only in their functions, which may be transitory.

Compared with a democracy like this, France seems a decidedly aristocratic country. Our feudal and monarchical past, and — let us confess it frankly — our personal vanity, have cultivated in us love of rank and hierarchies. We all want a title. As is well known, not a single man in the Ford works has a title. Everyone over here wishes to be above someone else, and in order to have that satisfaction he is willing to be below another man, considering the latter situation indefinitely provisional. The concierge feels himself above the ashman, the skilled mechanic above the concierge, the salaried employee above the mechanic, the engineer above the employee. The American is simply a man, not having formed classes, and he thus escapes most of our class jealousies. It is true that class distinctions are at bottom the fruit of culture. While America has many eminent individuals, many talented writers, and many of the greatest scientists in the world, she has not, except possibly in New England, what we should call a truly cultured class.

This explains a homogeneity which we do not find elsewhere. It also explains, perhaps, the universal ugliness that characterizes whole sections in that country. One looks in vain for some indication of a feeling for equilibrium, of a taste for style. Adjoining buildings are inharmonious when they are not identical; colors clash; discordant sounds torture the ear; menus are a chaos of incompatibles.

Nothing is restful. Even the scenery is exaggerated. One begins to imagine that in older countries even Nature herself has been gentled and civilized, and that the soft contours of the Valley of the Arno are a product of Latin culture. I saw nothing in the United States that was truly pleasing to the eye and refreshing to the mind, except perhaps what the Americans call their 'residential quarters' — long, lawn-bordered, tree-shaded avenues with little cottages nestling at their sides. The latter look rather too standardized, but they always have a cheerful, sunny porch with tiny Doric columns of painted wood, and well-kept grounds without intervening walls or hedges. People are neighborly and feel no call for privacy. That again is an evidence of the familiarity, the spirit of mutual confidence, so characteristic of America. In this pleasing simplicity I sometimes caught a glimpse of something akin to harmony.

America attains art only in the realm of comfort. The kitchen is perhaps the most attractive room in an American residence, well lighted and perfectly equipped. Art for art's sake is still confined to Europe. Americans go there to find it. They may not feel its

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lack very keenly, but they appreciate the pleasantness of France, and several of them remarked to me that my country was a fine place to go after a man had earned his money. They generally attribute this pleasantness to our climate, and think that Frenchmen are fortunate in having so favored a country. Little by little their visits to our shores have influenced them considerably. Having attained unquestioned primacy in material civilization, they begin to think of other kinds of culture.

This is indicated by the increasing interest Americans show in their universities and museums. It is no new thing for a wealthy American to give lavish sums to such institutions. That is an expression of the community spirit I have so often mentioned. But the time has come when the people at large are taking new interest in the forms of culture such institutions represent. In a couple of generations, at most, the Americans will be a highly cultivated nation. They may possibly be less resourceful, energetic, and socially equal than they are to-day, but their country will be pleasanter to visit. America will age quickly, as she has grown quickly.

Great attention is given even to-day to art and education. A single American university has larger revenues than all the universities in France taken together. But time, as well as prodigious effort, is required to mature a culture. American literature and thought are still young. The country still feels that it is the child of the Old World. It may ridicule the English and regard Europe as a senescent continent, but it recognizes its blood ties not only with Great Britain but also with Italy and Germany. It also realizes that it has many affinities with France.

America, however, having no experience with the profound conflicts of race and history and culture which we inherit in the Old World, ascribes them to our senile folly. Conscious of her power, secure in her peace, with a whole continent to herself, she attributes her pacifism to the nobility of her ideals, and utterly overlooks the natural conditions which explain it. Americans think themselves naturally rational and level-headed, forgetting that when any danger, real or imaginary, looms on their own horizon, whether it be from Great Britain or Japan, they are as quick as any young and powerful nation could be expected to be to impose their will by force.

That is not hypocrisy. It is simply ignorance of themselves. The American honestly thinks he is a superior sort of European, when he is only a rejuvenated European. But he will learn the truth with time. Meanwhile, he will acquire the culture of older lands. He will develop new qualities, while those that fill us with surprise and admiration will grow weaker. That self-confidence which, late in the war, made the nation precipitate itself upon our harbors, our railways, our battlefields, assured that it could brush aside what we thought insurmountable obstacles, will lessen somewhat when its people begin to occupy themselves more largely with other interests, in which they are not supreme. This passion for material progress, which is to-day the mainspring of their industry, will diminish, and at the same time a more absorbing interest in intellectual progress will arise. The community spirit which is so beautiful to-day will grow less as hereditary classes form. The present unity and concentration of effort will yield to an increasing dispersion. America will become a pleasanter place to live in, but a less powerful country.

In the meantime, she shows us where

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we are weak. Without being false to ourselves, we can learn from the United States how to correct some of our own defects. If we are to preserve the things that make life pleasant in France, we must first of all make sure that we ourselves survive. We must make certain sacrifices to the iron law that governs economic progress. We must get rid of some of our individualism. We must learn to tolerate more standardization. We must cultivate a community spirit, a state of mind less centred on our personal interests. We must have less fear of incurring new costs to better the condition of our workers. We must get broader views of organization. We must cultivate more mutual confidence in business, more faith in the future, more enterprise in following new leads. These are the things I think I learned in the United States. Was I not right, then, in saying at the outset that the moral factors in that country's greatness are perhaps more interesting and important than the material factors?

IN AN ISLAND PRISON. II[1]

BY FRANCISCO DE COSSÍO

A FEW days before myself an overseer of the Port works arrived on Chaffarinas, with an eighteen-year-old daughter. Nobody, as a matter of fact, has seen her, but all affirm that it is a question of a real beauty. Through the window, at the far end of the room, one can make out a white silhouette, like a vague image reflected in a mirror, and this image, it is suspected, is the mysterious woman. The figure of this girl takes on every day more ideal proportions. In the space of a few days all of us have acquired the conviction that we know her — when in reality we have not even an idea of her name. However, it is not all illusion. The girl exists. One day the sequestrator, her father, comes up to me, and tells me that his daughter would be interested to read one of my novels. I then get to know that this mysterious woman, about whom revolves every imagination on the island, passes the day reading, at the end of that darkened room, without even going to the window. She consumes, at the lowest computation, a novel a day.

And this, indeed, is the fundamental occupation of the island — novel-reading. Without doubt, it is absolutely necessary to create for one's self a fictitious life here, half alcohol, half novels. But I have observed that there is no demand for adventure novels, but rather for those erotic tales which contain a psychology of town life. This is the craving to live over again, in one's reading, the life of the city, with its drawing-rooms, its clubs, its theatres, and its broad streets. Novels to give the sensation of crowds and of great distances; in which there must be motor-cars, trams, and horses — the means, in a word, for escaping from ourselves, or, at the least, for the contemplation of varied faces, here and

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *August* 28, 30, 31

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there, up and down the city, all in the space of a few minutes. What is wanted is literature of the mainland, realist literature; and, if possible, let it be French. Everybody, in the hours passed in his cell, has a book before his eyes, and when he goes out into the street carries one in his pocket. Each day a different novel is needed, to maintain life.

I very soon come to understand that on Chaffarinas philosophy and history are lacking in all value. And one result of this is that the papers also have very little interest. The mail arrives twice a week, and all of us rush out to receive it with real jubilation. It is our only connection with the mainland. But we very soon see that this enthusiasm is only an illusion. Every day the news brought by the mail has less interest for us. The belt of water encircling our rock is too tightly bound. We are like the victims of a shipwreck who willingly enough would hoist a flag, every time that we perceive a ship on the horizon. This situation renders us very egotistical, and at the end of a short time we become indifferent to all the things of the outside world. It is as if all that happened in another planet.

I walk uphill to the Square. There remains only one point in the whole island higher than this — the Tower of the Conquest. A small fort in ruins, with some disused cannon. Here in the Square, shut in on one side by the church and open on the other to the sea, begins to be perceptible the meaning of the island, and the value of the Spanish words *aislado* and *aislamiento* — isolated, isolation (from *isla*, island). The water surrounds and imprisons us, immobilizing us for all adventure. We are on the summit of a mountain which some enormous cataclysm submerged in the sea, but a summit so dry and bare that the Biblical dove could not have found on it an olive branch with which to prove, on return to the Ark, the nearness of land. This hardness and immobility of the rock contrasts with the eternal flux and reflux of the waters which engirdle it. The sea asks a little quietude of the rock, and it is possible that the rock, from the depths of its immobility, envies the wave.

One can make the complete tour of the island by a walk called Sad Men's Way. Brief walk indeed, since the diameter of the island falls short of two kilometres. The breakwater is strong and deep. The sea rebels against the rock, tracing a circular wall of foam, and beyond this wall are marked out paths over the waters, exactly like the little paths on a mountain side, which cross and lose themselves without leading us anywhere. These paths, for a second, gladden the view; the islanders of Chaffarinas always, it seems, keep their eyes fixed on a path drawn over the surface of the seas.

From the lighthouse one commands all the rock, and all its desolation as well. One sees clearly from this height the fig tree of the Residence, the only tree on the island, and at the same time some geraniums at the entrance to the hospital. But nowhere anything which speaks of the presence of a well. The water has to be brought from Málaga, sixteen hours of sailing. Twice a week arrives a tank-ship, and on these days the rock, dying of thirst, appears to get some rest and freshness. And I think for an instant: What can life be like on this rock for the man who is never to leave it? Can this recluse resist, year after year, the tempting suggestion of the waves?

The lighthouse man, in the door of the lighthouse, is watering some plants. On his face there is an enchanting expression of solitude. To avoid, doubtless, the effort of talking to me, he bolts

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precipitately indoors, and through a half-open door I catch a glimpse of an Andalusian patio, full of blue and white reflections. Across this blazing patch of light runs a woman. She is the first woman whom I have discovered on Chaffarinas.

I continue walking round the island, and the sea ends by confusing me. All that there is of high dialectics in a *plage* in which the waves argue systematically along the sands becomes on an island sophistry. One would say that this sophistical sea was trying to win the earth which it besieges by deceit. Every wave comes in a different direction, and it is impossible to recognize the wave which proceeds directly from Spain, wave that might bring us a message from our friends. Well have they learned their lesson, those who on the island shut their eyes to the sea.

Meanwhile, without being aware of it, I have arrived once again at the Port. Here the boats balance themselves on the sea, inviting us to a promenade, and from Cabo de Agua approaches a motor boat, full of Moors. They are yet more sellers, since everything, absolutely everything, which is consumed on the island has to be brought from somewhere else. The Moor, against the background of sea, takes on a fantastic aspect. Chilabas and turbans stretch themselves to the wind exactly like sails, in spite of the fact that Mussulman immobility seems made for the great calms, when the emptied shrouds fail to meet in any direction with the tremulous impulse of the breeze. Every Moor seems to be in the act of posing for some magnificent portrait, and at his side the baskets full of fruit give to the scene true pictorial value. How clean and pure is the color, as of a palette freshly inaugurated, in a pyramid of oranges cut out against the blue of the sea! But now the sun has got the better of me — this deceitful sun of Africa, which comes cloaked in gusts of wind. And flying from it I take refuge in the wine shop of Curro.

Curro is the first inhabitant of the island. Nobody is acquainted with the sea, from Melilla to Cabo de Agua, as he is, and nobody knows the history of the island with the same perfection as he. The entire family of Curro is to be found established on the island of Chaffarinas, and he feels no need of any wider world in which to live. Curro speaks Arabic perfectly, but he has not allowed himself to be contaminated by the customs of the natives. He is an authentic Spaniard on an island on which every newcomer appears to have left behind his nationality in the ship that brought him. Curro has always lived among the military, and is an antimilitarist. On one occasion he saved the lives of some shipwrecked sailors at danger to his own, and the reward was allotted by the Government to the Military Commandant. When Curro relates this incident his discourse comes to an end in an explosion of overwhelming indignation. Afterward he calms down, and passes on to tell of marvelous fishing exploits, of wonderful shoots in the Muluya, of terrible storms and tempests, and of tragical episodes of prison life. All that has happened in and about Chaffarinas since the occupation, Curro knows it, and, moreover, in all these events, in a manner more or less direct, he has taken part as actor.

His wine shop down at the Port has a little terrace with a wooden deck. It is like the bridge of a boat on which Curro, the captain, passes his life contemplating the sea and putting in order his fishing tackle. At the far end, behind a blue-painted door, one catches a glimpse in the shadows of the

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counter and of the shelves loaded with bottles. On the island there is nothing for it but to drink. One must fight this terrible microbe, isolation. It is always the right time for taking gin, and in the afternoon the inhabitants of Chaffarinas begin to emerge into the street with smiling faces. It seems that they are all taking a walk with the happy illusion of being again on the mainland. Walks up and down the Square, as in the saloon of a casino with a well-painted marine-piece at one end.

Since on the island little time can pass without one's running up against everybody else, I see approaching me the Commandant, who has come out to inquire if I have passed a good night. He orders a bottle, and starts to talk, animated by the most delicious optimism. The Commandant is sure that I am to be there only for a very short time, and, moreover, that on the day when I am authorized to return to the mainland I shall be filled with regret. Then he gives me a piece of news which he thinks will interest me: the arrival is announced of three more companions. So I am not to be alone any longer. And he tosses on to the table a telegram. The Government orders the Commandant to make ready three cells, for Professor Jiménez de Asúa, for a journalist of Santander, and for a student from Madrid. The anonymity of these two prisoners excites my curiosity. The Government does not even recall their names. . . . The news — I cannot help it — makes me smile. The Commandant smiles as well, and ends up by saying: 'You'll soon see. We're going to have a delightful time. The more the merrier.' And I, thereupon, react against the smile of my first impulse, and perceive that all this is sad, very sad; and I feel the suffering of Spain in the depth of my heart.

We rise. Who can think of troubles with this freshly disembarked Andalusian wine? The Commandant walks by my side, cutting the air with his riding whip, and from time to time stops to say to me with the most smiling face imaginable, 'This is beginning to be fun.'

A few days after my arrival on the island the mail boat brings the three companions in confinement already announced. They arrive as I arrived, in the roundhouse of the boat, contemplating the rock with the same eyes of wonder that I did on my arrival. All together we go down to the Port to receive them. I jump into a boat and in it make my way up to the side of the Gandía, being able in this way to be the first to welcome them. Jiménez de Asúa is the first to greet me, smiling effusively, and he it is who introduces me to the other two. Arturo Casanueva, journalist, wrapped in the folds of a military cloak of the Foreign Legion, with a camera in one hand and a typewriter in the other; and Salvador Maria Vila, a student in the University of Madrid, as yet without a trace of beard or moustache on his face, and with the eyes of a child looking out from behind his glasses. The three appear to question me with their gaze, but it is they who have most to tell.

Casanueva, restless and incessantly animated, causes some stir in the life of Chaffarinas. He goes from one cell to another reciting verses; he reads aloud long letters which he has written relating his captivity, and becomes the intimate friend of Mustafa Raisuni, who promises to make him the present of a slave girl. Casanueva has bought for himself a blue mosquito net, and at night he submerges himself in it, on the small camp bed of his cell, as he might submerge himself in the depths of the sea. But Casanueva reaches his moments of highest inspiration at meal-times.

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We take our meals in the house of the hospital cook, by name Zamora, and our table companions are the priest of Chaffarinas; the assistant at the hospital, a mute personage from whom we have been unable to extract a single word; a lieutenant of the Army Service Corps from Galicia sick with the double homesickness for his province and for his far-away betrothed; and one of the telegraphists, a gentleman who intervenes only in moments of crisis, and then, as a rule, to make them more critical still. Casanueva and the priest engage in interminable discussions. Within a few days we discover that the priest is mad. But in reality is there anybody on the island who is not mad? Everybody resigns himself to being so, and the most that each one can achieve is the belief that the other is more so. This terrible conviction on occasion makes them more tolerant toward the extravagances and absurdities of the rest. Everybody is sure that, in the long run, the island causes mental disturbances. 'You 'll see it all right,' they tell us, 'when you 've been here four or five months.' Casanueva frowns, and one would say that he already feels the first symptoms of island madness.

In Chaffarinas there are two formidable devotees of never going to bed — the priest and the post office official. When all of us are in bed they persist until dawn in their walks up and down the breakwaters, and in their walks they make out the balance of all local events, leaving behind, at length, the whole world of facts to explore that of motives. When bad weather refuses to allow them to promenade the breakwaters, they retire to the house of the Army Service Corps lieutenant.

Jiménez de Asúa and I also take nocturnal walks. It is the hour at which we find most liberty to direct our thoughts toward Spain. Letters and papers scarcely reach us, and we live in complete ignorance of what is happening. Unforgettable nights of Chaffarinas, in which the sky becomes an immense cupola suspended above the island, and the sea a stretch of violet-colored silk, gently undulating! It must be impossible to find a greater expanse of sky and sea so united, impossible to trace about us a more perfect circle of infinity. The falling stars cross each other's paths, the waves and stars meet in moments of fugitive communion, incomprehensible to man. What a sensation of solitude, of distance, even of separation between our present life and the past! How small, in this immensity, our Spanish passions and struggles! We evoke distantly that corner in the café, the desk in the editor's office loaded with the latest books and the latest news, the lecture-hall of the Athenæum. . . . What variety of conflicts and excitements!

One refuge remains to us, the four prisoners, in which to feel toward the afternoon some echo of the life of the mainland. Never shall we forget the hospitality extended to us by the family of the Torres. He is the chemist of the island, and with his wife has found the way to create in Chaffarinas a home comfortable and full of welcome. To this house is accustomed to come also Mustafa Raisuni, a great player at *mus*. I am ignorant of the rules of this classical Spanish game, but amuse myself listening to the varied phrases used in the course of it as they fall from the lips of the Moor — phrases constantly employed in the argot of our popular music-halls. Moorish sagacity discovers in every call admirable occasion for making sure of winning. Mustafa, after play, gives us a lecture on philosophy. The essence of this philosophy is enclosed in the words 'to wait.' His fatalism loses all that it

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might contain of humiliation, thanks to its elegance — that passive elegance which only the Moor possesses, and whose mainspring is to be found in knowing how to sit still. One would say that the secret of life for the Moor consists in sitting still with dignity. Mustafa is a rich man, is the owner of important businesses in Tangier; he belongs, moreover, to a dynasty of high importance; he has been three times married, and has achieved what the Moor considers the completest felicity, many sons; he possesses a goodly number of young and beautiful slave girls; he lives in Arcila in a splendid palace, overflowing in Oriental luxury . . . and here we have him in a prison cell with no more retinue than that of a single slave, and yet at all moments smiling. If only Mustafa could make us a present of that smile against the hours of adversity!

One day he invites us to dine. At the same time he invites a captive shereef, Al Lal Mohamed Aisa, a man of great strength, from the mountains, representative of an ancient rural aristocracy, a lover of agriculture and of warfare. It is to be a great Moorish feast, in which Mustafa proposes to give us a proof of his generosity and wealth. Moorish wealth, like that of the Bible, is characterized by its prodigality. Neither keys, nor calculation, nor measure. Wealth is surfeit; poverty, hunger.

Mustafa has bought a sheep, young but of enormous size, served to us roast. Also we eat meat stuck on spits, which leaves the palate on fire with its spices; boiled sea bass; and roast chickens stuffed with raisins. For dessert, custards and oranges, prepared with sugar and cinnamon. And, constantly, an abundance of tea, the classical tea flavored with mint, boiling in the teacups, and taken by the Moors in long and noisy sips.

Mustafa is magnificent. He does not eat, in order the better to attend to his guests. Divested of his chilaba, he receives us in a white caftan, like a priest's alb, caught in at the waist by a purple band, and on his head a Damascus turban of pale yellow, which the sun at times converts into a golden helmet. Every now and then he rises from the cushions, on which as a rule he remains reclining, to serve us with bread. He tosses bread on to the table as if he wished to scatter the seed of peace among his guests. When dessert comes Casanueva recites verses, and the eyes of Mustafa grow dim with emotion.

Some nights we go up to the Residence. In the office of the Commandant a wireless apparatus brings to us remote echoes of the themes of the mainland. The clatter of the jazz band, and round it the vision of the dancers all in time. But we are unwilling to listen. Such music, assuredly, will disturb our peace. The Commandant, in our hours of discouragement, does his best to infect us with his inexhaustible optimism. Every question, however complicated it may be, is settled by him on the instant; and every circumstance appears to him favorable to our desires.

A great pleasure on the island is, in the morning, to separate one's self for a time from the rock and to go the round of its contour, like a draftsman with his pencil, in a boat. How one understands, then, the significance of form! The water is transparent, and discovers to us all the secrets of the bottom. The waves raise no foam, and one might say that the sea offers itself to us naked. Hardly can one distinguish the rock from the air, or the transition from the rock to the water; the fishes go swimming through the depths in full illumination, absorbed in the wonders

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of the sunlight. Alone the Mediterranean, near up to the rocks, is able to give us this vision of transparency, and discovers to us with this purity, as if in a bell of glass, all the wonders beneath the waves. How enchantingly moves through the morning our boat over these gently flowing waters! When the sun's rays become too hot we enter one of the grottoes which undermine the foundations of the island. Here the waters take on a greenish tone which renders more intense the red of the corals, while on the prow of our boat we balance our glasses of gin. . . . Afterward we make a treat of the ascent of Congress Island, thus to obtain the view of our prison from a farther distance.

Landscape, men, and things have remained in my imagination with the somewhat faltering outline of a dream. I leave, at length, the island as one leaves behind some chimerical world, to return to the turmoil of my life; and on the homeward boat my memories disperse themselves over the sea in trailing streamers like those of the smoke. To-day, too, they come toward me, also over the sea, on the other side of the frontier of Spain, but yet in view of its coasts; I welcome them, these memories, without a shadow of passion or of rancor, on my face the fairest smile of Muley Mustafa Raisuni.

THE MAKING OF ANATOLE FRANCE[1]

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

ONE may confidently predict that someone will some day write a book called *Anatole France et les Femmes*. It is the common lot of illustrious Frenchmen to be treated in that way by biographers who are not always, or even ordinarily, hero worshipers. And one may further be sure that the book, when it does come to be written, will be more amusing than romantic, and will insist that Anatole France would never have been the man he was if Madame Arman de Caillavet had not taken him up and driven his genius along the paths which she wished to see it follow.

Stress is laid upon that fact in a letter written by 'Gyp' to Madame Arman de Caillavet's daughter-in-law: —

> I know all that Madame de Caillavet did for France, and can bear witness to it. I made his acquaintance in 1882. In those days only a few men of letters knew anything about him. His awkwardness, his shyness, his complete ignorance of the manners and tone of good society, seemed to destine him always to remain an outsider, however great his talent. It was Madame de Caillavet who educated him in all these matters. We observed, with amazement, the rapid change that came over him, without, at first, suspecting the cause of it. Your mother-in-law did for France exactly what Madame de Loynes did for Lemaître. In my opinion France did not owe his widespread celebrity to his ability. The majority of the people — even the men of

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *September*

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letters among them — who bowed down before him would never have discovered him without Madame de Caillavet. If it had not been for her, he would never have been an Academician.

'Gyp' herself, indeed, had first-hand knowledge of Anatole France's need of a monitress to coach him in social usages. She liked him, in spite of his lack of social polish, and invited him to visit her at Lion-sur-mer; and she warned him, one evening, when giving a dinner party, that he must not forget to dress for that ceremonial banquet. But he did forget, and came down, a little late, in a lounge suit, with a black boot on one foot and a brown boot on the other, and one of the boots unbuttoned. She must have been a very tactful hostess to be able to convince him of his error without hurting him.

Much as Anatole France owed to her, however, he owed far more to Madame Arman de Caillavet. The education which he received from her was not casual, but systematic. Her salon was a veritable school of manners for him, and also, as has been said, the forcing house in which his genius was brought to fruition.

She was the daughter of a Bordeaux shipbuilder and the wife of a wine merchant. She was very clever, and reasonably rich. She needed an interest in life because she and her husband had no tastes in common. A salon was clearly indicated. She had been trained, so to say, as a *salonière*, by her friend Madame Aubernon. She had met a number of literary people at Madame Aubernon's house, and she knew others through Dumas fils, whose daughter her brother had married. So she bought Arsène Houssaye's house in the Avenue Hoche and established her literary salon there. The day came when Jules Lemaître asked to be allowed to introduce a friend, and that friend was Anatole France.

At first she did not like him. Jules Lemaître related, in after years, that he had had the greatest difficulty in inducing her to invite Anatole France to her Wednesday dinners. Her husband, who cared nothing for literature, appears to have been readier to invite him than she who cared so much for it. She, on her part, was keenly alive to his social shortcomings; and she did not like his wife. 'Your father,' she wrote to her son, Gaston de Caillavet, 'has asked him to visit us, at Campian, with his whole family party. I confess that that would bore me so much that if they accepted the invitation *en bloc* I should find an excuse for putting them off. If he comes alone it is another matter.'

Two incidents, however, presently helped to smooth and simplify their relations.

In the first place, Madame Arman de Caillavet quarreled with Madame Aubernon. Each of the two ladies was trying to furnish her salon with guests at the other's expense. Madame Aubernon took Jules Lemaître away from Madame Arman de Caillavet, though only to lose him to Madame de Loynes. It suited Madame Arman de Caillavet to retort by taking Anatole France away from Madame Aubernon; and she enjoyed her hour of triumph when she heard that Madame Aubernon had stopped Anatole France in the street and asked him whether it was true that he had said that her parties bored him, and that France had replied that it was quite possible that he had made the remark, though he had not intended that it should be repeated to her.

In the second place, Anatole France and his wife were divorced, and Madame Arman de Caillavet was one of the causes, albeit an innocent cause, of their dissensions.

Madame France, according to Ma-

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dame Arman de Caillavet, was a lady of domineering character. Her husband, by all accounts, was a man of impetuous temper. Relations were severely strained beween them when he found her wickerwork dressmaker's mannequin in his study, and he picked it up and pitched it out of the window into a neighbor's garden. They were still more severely strained when she caught him hanging up on his study wall, with the help of a workman, a magnificent strip of stamped velvet which Madame Arman de Caillavet had given him, bounced out again, and locked the workman in. The final scene in the drama was subsequently described to 'Gyp' by Madame France herself:—

He was writing an article. I came in and made some remark. He replied. The conversation ended by my calling him a ——. Then he got up from his desk. I thought he meant to leave the room, and I went away. A moment later I heard the front door slammed. 'He can't have had time to dress,' I thought; and I ran to the window and saw him closing the garden gate. He was still attired in his dressing gown and his skullcap. The cords of the dressing gown were trailing in the street behind him, and he was carrying on a tray his inkpot and the article which he had just begun. An hour later he sent someone across from the Hotel Carnot to fetch his clothes and deliver a message.

The message was merely to the effect that he had no intention of returning. He kept his word; and his keeping of it placed his relations with Madame Arman de Caillavet on a new footing. Her heart went out to him as to a man without a home; and she gave him a standing invitation to lunch and dine with her every day. The intimacy thus established was, we may take it, the real beginning of his social education.

It was a curriculum which still had to be pursued in the face of obstacles. The separation from Madame France had removed one obstacle; but other obstacles remained. Anatole France in a salon was still like a fish out of water. His literary reputation was not yet great enough to enable him to impose himself in spite of his grotesque eccentricities. He was a lazy Bohemian, out at elbows and awkward; and the other habitués of the salon — a salon, be it noted, like Lady Blessington's, in which more men than women were to be met — made no secret of the fact that they regarded this 'journalist' as their social inferior.

He was clever, however; and Madame Arman de Caillavet delighted in cleverness. Stupid people bored her, however well-born and well-bred they might be; and she hated to be bored. As a child she had told her nurse to throw her baby sister out of the window because its crying bored her; and she now resolved to disconcert the bores by training this Bohemian whom they scorned to beat them on their own ground and write a story of adultery in high life better than any of them.

It cost her a good deal of trouble to persuade him to make the effort. The subject did not interest him, and he was diffident. He knew nothing about these society puppets, he said. If he wrote about them he would be sure to fall into silly mistakes. They would laugh at him, and they would have a perfect right to do so. But Madame Arman de Caillavet was not to be put off like that.

She was, as her son said, 'a born schoolmistress,' never quite happy unless she was standing over a pupil and making him work; and it was now Anatole France's turn to be stood over and made to work. So she unmasked her batteries. He could not possibly know less, she reminded him, about contemporary society than he knew about some of the ancient civilizations which he had depicted so vividly. It was mirrored in her salon. Her aristocratic

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acquaintances might very well serve as his models; and she herself would undertake to read his copy and correct his mistakes.

He agreed to try; and the outcome of the experiment was *Le Lys Rouge*, which achieved instant and dazzling success. His name stood alone on the title-page; but Madame Arman de Caillavet's name might fairly have stood beside it. The title was hers — Anatole France having intended to call the work *La Terre des Morts*. She accompanied the author, and even guided him, in his quest for local color, taking a trip to Italy with him in the course of the search. Her notes of her impressions were placed at his disposal. Her wit supplied a number of his epigrams. Whole passages from her pen were incorporated in the story; and one gathers from the acknowledgments in his letters that a volume of respectable size might be compiled out of her contributions to his signed work. His preface to a new edition of Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe* was really hers; and she also supplied the first draft of some of his short stories.

Her collaboration with him — if collaboration be the proper word — was, in effect, a long battle with his natural indolence. If the genius was his, the driving power was hers. She fully justified her son's description of her as 'a born schoolmistress.' When Anatole France was away from her she required him to write, reporting progress, like a schoolboy. When he was staying with her, she watched him at his desk and kept him up to the mark. 'M. France, you are asleep,' she was heard to call to him across the room. And he replied, dutifully but wearily: 'No, madam, I am not asleep. I am engaged in meditation.'

Thus their intimacy increased, at first by slow degrees, and then at an accelerating pace. Anatole France was taken for trips on Madame Arman de Caillavet's steam yacht. Year after year they traveled together in Italy or Greece; and his position in her salon was completely transformed. He gradually ceased to be the tolerated outsider, and became the monarch of all he surveyed. Her salon became, to all intents and purposes, his salon, just as Madame Récamier's salon became, in effect, Chateaubriand's salon. Distinguished strangers, like Signor Ferrero from Italy, and rising men of letters of the younger generation, like Marcel Proust, were brought there to be presented, not to her, but to him. It became necessary to be presented, not to her, but to him. It became necessary to approach her in order to induce him to accept an invitation. It would not be too much to say that she arranged a ritual for the worshipers.

It was her triumph as well as his. She had vowed that she would make him, and she had made him. Her coaching had taught him to write the sort of book that was sure to command universal attention. Her canvassing had secured his election to the Academy. No other man of letters in Paris had a reputation comparable with his. She might well have felt that she had earned her right to say *Nunc dimittis* and *Finis coronat opus* at the end of her twenty years' work for him.

And yet, unhappily, all did not go well, and the little rift began to appear within the lute.

Other men of letters were jealous. This treatment of Anatole France as the unquestioned centre of the literary solar system was very provoking to Montesquiou, who had been accustomed to rest his elbow on the mantelpiece and say, '*Je suis un des piliers de la pensée contemporaine.*' He made sarcastic remarks. Other people repeated those remarks with additions of their

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own. In short, the tongue of slander got busy; and though Madame de Caillavet accepted the situation, being, perhaps, too busy to notice it, Gaston de Caillavet did not like it; while Anatole France himself simultaneously developed an arrogant and imperious temper.

Madame de Caillavet still wanted, if not to collaborate with him, at least to criticize him; and his great glory had now made him intolerant of criticism. Once, in a fit of temper, when she suggested some modification of a malicious passage in his *Jeanne d'Arc*, he threw the manuscript into the fireplace, with the result that she dissolved in tears, and the chimney was set on fire. It was as the sequel — and doubtless as the consequence — of such scenes that Anatole France accepted an invitation to lecture in Argentina. The questions were to be posed: Would absence make the heart grow fonder? If so, of whom?

Appearances were kept up. Madame Arman de Caillavet gave a farewell dinner in her friend's honor. She also lent him her own servant, François, to act as his valet, and keep him out of mischief. She was sure, as she told her friends, that he would need looking after. 'After all,' she said, 'he is only a big baby, and children always do something silly when they are left to look after themselves.'

Silence ensued. The expected letters did not arrive. François wrote, indeed, to say that the lectures were a great success, but Anatole France refrained from writing. Why? First, an anonymous letter and then a Buenos Aires newspaper told Madame Arman de Caillavet a story which seemed to offer the explanation. Anatole France, the writer said, had married a charming actress whose acquaintance he had made on board the steamer. Could it be true?

It was a story hard to believe. Anatole France had never displayed any particular enthusiasm for the society of actresses. He had, on the contrary, always spoken of actresses with scorn. He had written in one of his novels: —

> We all know what an actress is. She is generally an animal that it is pleasant to look at and to listen to; but she is always badly brought up — the spoiled child, first of poverty, and then of luxury; and she is also always very busy, and therefore as unromantic as it is possible for a woman to be. She suggests a concierge transformed into a princess, and combines the rancor of the servants' quarters with the caprices of the boudoir and the fatigue of the study.

Had he forgotten that judgment? Had he revised it? The Paris gossips speculated openly on these questions, adding dark hints offensive to Madame Arman de Caillavet and her family; and then it turned out that the report of Anatole France's marriage, like that of Mark Twain's death, had been grossly exaggerated.

There had, indeed, been an actress in the case. She and Anatole France had traveled together in Argentina. They had been seen together at public ceremonies; and some of the Argentine newspapers had, whether in ignorance or through courtesy, referred to her as 'Madame France'; but Anatole France had, in fact, drawn the line at marriage, and had contented himself with inviting the lady to follow him across the ocean and stay with him at Villa Said.

And then he had changed his mind, and gone off to Campian to try to make his peace with Madame Arman de Caillavet; and it was while he was engaged in making his peace with her that the actress landed.

There was neither modesty nor mystery about her arrival. She had announced it. She had informed Anatole France of the day and the hour at which he might expect her; and she

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kept the appointment with the air of a queen making a state entry into her dominions, not in a cab, but in a private omnibus, the roof of which was loaded with innumerable trunks, packed with the gorgeous dresses with which she proposed to dazzle her host and his friends. But she found no one there to receive her except Anatole France's housekeeper, who professed to know neither who she was nor what she wanted, and could only tell her that M. France had started for another long sea voyage.

'It seems,' Madame Arman de Caillavet wrote, when she heard the story, 'that Josephine has been protecting me'; but she also wrote to the same friend a few days later: —

> I am far from well, and M. France pretends not to know the reason why. Apart from that our relations are as good as circumstances allow them to be; but I have not the courage to go on living the sort of life that I shall have to live. I am too much discouraged and disappointed. We go about the place buying art curios, and that puts us in a good temper; but, all the same, the whole business is lamentable.

It was the more lamentable because her son did not come to see her, being very reluctant to meet Anatole France, and she did not like to press him to do so. Her burden was hard to bear, because she was attached to them both; and she began to think of herself as a dying woman, for whom death would be the welcome way out. Her condition did not improve, and the end was very near when she returned to Paris in January 1910.

'No, no,' she said to her daughter-in-law, 'I am not going to get better. I don't want to. It is better that I should die. I have lost my courage. I cannot face the future.'

She did not rally. Within a day or two she realized that she had only an hour or two to live, and she picked up a pencil and began to scrawl: —

'Quick. Gaston and M. Fr——' But she had not the strength to finish. Her son was sent for, and she died in his arms. Anatole France was not there — probably was not sent for. 'Her death is my death,' he wrote to a friend afterward; and though, if we may trust the testimony of those who knew him, his grief did not long remain acutely painful, it is indisputable that he had to thank her guidance, quite as much as his own genius, for that unquestioned literary hegemony which he held at the time of her death, and was to continue to hold until his own.

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OLD AND NEW IN CHINA[1]

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

Our train consists of American coaches, where the passengers sit together with patriarchal informality, surrounded by basket trunks and remarkable Chinese versions of English suitcases roughly made of unfinished pigskin. Each coach has a stove, and everybody is drinking fresh green tea. I am beginning to learn what true tea is, its delicate aroma, its unlikeness to all other concoctions, its barely perceptible salty taste, and how refreshing it is in this torrid heat from which the draught of the swiftly moving train affords no relief.

We travel across a landscape of Chinese green. The road from Shanghai to Nanking runs through the fairest part of China — at least, the part that its people consider the most beautiful. Green dominates everything. We look out upon a boundless sea of verdure, in which houses, streets, towns, and rivers seem to be submerged. It is a cloudy day, and wherever a solitary shaft of sunshine strikes a rice field it is reflected with blinding brilliance. What peculiar virtue lies in this soil, watered, fertilized, and tilled with tireless labor, that it should respond with this dark and light, hard and tender green, through which men make their way along modest, narrow footpaths, or preferably via the canals whence thousands of little buckets pour water incessantly on the fields?

Now and then we come to hills, rising so gently that we are unconscious of their existence until suddenly we behold a wide sweep of landscape spread beneath us. Then they disappear again, insensibly absorbed by the all-embracing plain. Similar country extends for several times the area of Germany toward the south, the west, and the north. It is the land of the 'Inner Kingdom,' of mulberry trees and cotton and rice, which attaches inseparably to itself the people who dwell upon it, and breeds into their character the deep, sombre monotony of this hypnotic sea of color that imposes itself irresistibly upon the human mood.

At Wusih we are cordially received at the office of the cotton factory I have come to visit. It looks out from the ground floor upon a little garden, and does not seem a very busy place. Its furniture is Chinese, except a European Renaissance desk and American swing chairs. The clerks have that nonchalant air one observes in the employees of the Chinese banks at Shanghai.

The factory itself is well arranged, and is kept in excellent order by its Chinese managers. An expert might find things to criticize, but in a general way it is on a par with similar establishments in Europe, and confirms an impression I have already received in Shanghai — that the Chinese are quite competent to run modern industrial plants.

Yet some things are characteristically Chinese. When the manager and I suddenly appear in the weaving shed, a loud shout greets our ears and a crowd of little children scatter like a flock of

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 1

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startled sparrows from a small open space among the looms and hurriedly resume their tasks. They work twelve hours with day and night shifts, mostly cleaning up waste, but also performing more responsible duties requiring concentrated attention. Child labor is not peculiar to this establishment, or, for that matter, to Chinese enterprises. The children employed here are from eight to thirteen years old; and we have surprised them while they are eating their rice. As far as I can learn they have no regular meal hours, but snatch a bite whenever they get a chance. Nothing resembling welfare work exists.

I do not know whether these children and the women and girls working at the looms ponder much on their lot. The children, while not looking exactly hale and hearty, show no signs of being worse off than other children in China; and they exhibit a certain dignified self-possession, as if they are proud to be breadwinners.

I am told that these little people are contented with their lot, and when I consider what a coolie has to do, and how frequently I have seen children eight or ten years old carrying heavy burdens in China, I realize that factory work does not seem such a hardship for them here as it would in Europe. Rarely does one see on the streets of even Europeanized cities like Shanghai a child old enough to go about alone who is not performing some useful labor — often very hard labor, which no one would think of entrusting to a young child in Europe. For three weeks I watched from my hotel window in Shanghai ten- or twelve-year-old children lugging heavy stones to the masons erecting a building opposite. And I noticed that during the intervals when they were not at work they fought each other like little demons. In a word, even the superficial observer soon recognizes that child labor is very different in China from what it is in the West, and that it will be difficult to convince Chinese employers and Chinese parents that our way is right.

This factory dates from 1916. Indeed, one whole section of the city, which is connected with old Wusih by a concrete bridge, appears to have been built that year. This new suburb has all the characteristics of a boom town in the West — a big hotel, a city park, and an imposing array of factories, rice mills, and oil mills. All the factories are purely Chinese undertakings. Naturally they contain foreign machinery, installed by foreign engineers. But the latter gentlemen were replaced with natives as soon as possible. Most of these undertakings seem to have been fairly successful; but there are some exceptions. A partly finished cement factory and a half-built brewery have been standing idle for three years. Machinery for them, imported from Germany, remains unpaid for in the warehouse. The promoters ran out of capital even before their buildings were under roof. But that belongs to New China, to 'Americanized China,' as the people themselves call it.

Similar failures have also occurred in Shanghai. The Great War boom aroused the gambling instinct in the Chinaman until he sometimes lost his head. The Chinese merchant's reputation has suffered somewhat as a consequence. New Wusih is a native product of a speculative boom that was attended by the same breakdown of national morale that occurred in Germany during our inflation craze. China was victimized by unscrupulous promoters, mostly from America, who knew nothing of the country, who violated every rule of mercantile morality, and who were solely intent upon seizing the chance the war presented to get rich quickly, no matter how. They

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naturally infected the natives somewhat with their own vices.

But the creation of a new town like the modern section of Wusih testifies nevertheless to the solid spirit of enterprise and to the integrity and foresight of Chinese business men. All these establishments are financed by Chinese banks. They constitute the nucleus of a national industry independent of foreign protection and foreign initiative and remote from foreign settlements.

Near the Grand Hotel is a smaller house called the Washington Hotel. There is a play on words in this name, for *wash ing ton*, spoken as three words in Chinese fashion, means 'May China Prosper.' The pun, if we may call it so, is a typical combination of Chinese courtesy and irony.

This hotel was erected by the proprietor of the spinning mill for his guests, and also to accommodate occasional travelers. It has both Chinese and European beds, and a Chinese and a rather inferior European menu. A Chinese picture and a European chromo hang on the wall of every room, as if to suggest that here the East and the West have met.

A meeting of manufacturers is being held at the hotel, to discuss the burdensome double taxes which the provincial administration at Nanking and the general commanding the province are collecting with unsparing rigor. I am introduced to the owner of the cotton factory I have just visited. He is a very prominent man with extensive interests throughout the province, and apparently the chief figure at the meeting. Nevertheless, he personally conducts me to my room and stops for a few minutes' conversation. While we are talking, one gentleman after another enters, each making his little greeting as if this formality were something due, not only to me, but also to himself as a well-bred gentleman. My host is equally letter-perfect in his demeanor toward each new arrival. The whole episode is a faultless rehearsal of a lesson in good form.

I learn that present conditions in China are very discouraging for the new industries recently established here. The burden of civil war, Japanese competition in Shanghai and in Japan itself, where taxes are much lighter and capital more abundant, the interruption of railway service to the Interior, and the difficulty in procuring raw materials, which the Japanese try in every way to prevent their obtaining, all tend to discourage business.

On the other hand, the working people in Wusih are fairly contented, and last year the strikes in Shanghai brought many orders to local manufacturers. Bolshevism? Well, it is pretty bad with the working people in Shanghai. He says this with emphasis. At Wusih there are only a few Radicals. My host speaks guardedly, but I can feel his hostility to Shanghai and how keenly alive he is to danger from that source. He does not use the word 'imperialism'; that is a term for students and politicians. He mentions only facts concerning which he has positive knowledge, but in respect to them is most lucid and logical. His son, who shows a profound respect for his father, translates our conversation into German, word for word. As we converse papers are brought in, corrected, and signed, and terse orders are given.

Feeling that I am perhaps trespassing too much on a busy gentleman's time, I start to terminate the conversation. But first I must answer some questions regarding Germany. My host's placid, almost monastic, but alertly intelligent face lights up with a new interest. Will the monarchy be restored? Will Germany really be able

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to increase her exports enough to fulfill her Dawes Plan obligations when the period of heavy payments begins. Why did Communism fail in Germany? What is the situation in Russia?

Later my host's son accompanies me to old Wusih, where an emperor once took refuge several centuries ago. Last year, during the civil war, a general sacked and partially wrecked the city. During the Taiping Rebellion sixty years ago, when 150,000,000 people are said to have lost their lives, Wusih was utterly destroyed. Another war threatens to break out this year, while the houses ruined in the fighting two years ago still stand as gaunt reminders of what such conflicts mean. Yet Wusih is a crowded, busy town. It retains its ancient character. There is a shopping street too narrow for vehicles to enter, where one sees Chinese wares displayed promiscuously with electric lamps, cooking utensils, and textiles from Europe. Aristocratic Chinamen clothed in satin are carried past in litters — for the ricksha is a 'missionary invention.' In the rear of the houses, which rise almost on the edge of the canals but are separated by a narrow path from the water, cluster knots of women, coolies, and children, busy with their various tasks. We cross a narrow, high white bridge beyond which extends a long white wall. My companion halts at a little door in this wall and asks me if I should like to enter. It is the home of his father, where he and two other brothers and their three families live. The father rules. It is a Confucian home, and the son, who was educated in Germany, has returned to his Chinese way of life as a matter of course.

This home is a compound containing many houses and courtyards, where I catch vistas of airy, richly and yet simply furnished rooms filled with subdued light. Almost every apartment is entirely open on one side toward a little garden court with two or three trees, a bed of shrubbery, or a lotus pond. Trustworthy-looking old servants stop their tasks and bow when we pass. Finally we come to a very large room evidently designed for formal occasions. It contains a handsome picture of the gods, and has a high, elaborately timbered and carved ceiling supported by plain, tall columns of very hard wood. There is no suggestion of pomp and formality about the room — indeed, it is almost dusty; but an atmosphere of repose and strength and dignity, an impression of conscious culture, pervades it and seems to express perfectly the character of the people who dwell there.

We take a boat ride in a little skiff that lies lightly on the water and dances about as if it were on the open sea. Wusih is one of the many Venices in China. Countless faces stare at us from houses, footpaths, and bridges until they haunt me like dream spectres. Our skiff glides past carved and gilded 'flower boats' rented for water parties, where people are eating, listening to music, and playing Mah Jongg.

'We know how to live,' remarks my companion a little defiantly, as if resolved that Western civilization and modern industry shall never rob him of this knowledge. We glide by thousands of house boats — a swimming city. Now and then a powerful young fellow with an expression disagreeable to face eye to eye shakes a threatening fist at us, remembering the slaughter in Shanghai a year ago last May. As we enter the Imperial Canal, which goes to Peking, was built six hundred years ago, and at this point is wider than the Elbe at Dresden, we plunge into a tangle of skiffs and larger boats, all propelled with a single oar operated from the side and working somewhat like a screw propeller. On

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the bank we see tall warehouses, steam mills, and American signs.

We turn off into a delightful side canal shaded by handsome old trees, from behind which tall doorways peek at us. Occasionally we catch glimpses through them into a series of rooms and courtyards. Little booths stand in these entrances. We are passing through an avenue of ancestral temples, memorial buildings erected by the wealthy families of Wusih to the memory of their fathers and grandfathers. The booths sell little statuettes of all kinds of creatures, curiously modeled and colored. This is a local industry that has associated itself with ancestor worship, and is largely pursued as a sort of side line by the temple guardians.

On certain days in the spring and autumn the people gather here for family ceremonies. But the temples also serve the purpose of summer houses. Their owners dwell here by the side of the cool canal in the shade of the trees around their memorial altars, in familiar companionship with their dead.

At the end of the canal is the image of a great mythical animal, from whose mouth flows a stream of water falling from a high tree-crowned cliff that terminates the street. On top is a group of buildings where an exiled emperor once lived. One of them is now occupied by the tax inspector of Wusih, a distinguished-looking little old gentleman, who is particularly courteous to my companion. From the roof of this palace, which a Chinese emperor built as his retreat so many centuries ago, and built so solidly that not a tread in the stairways creaks, we gaze across the city at the smoking chimneys of modern factories and a train threading its way through the plain toward Shanghai.

TWO VIEWS OF WELLS[1]

BY A 'NEW STATESMAN' REVIEWER AND E. B. OSBORN

[THE publication of the first volume of H. G. Wells's new novel, *The World of William Clissold*, stirred the entire British press. We are printing here two contrasting points of view, the first from the *New Statesman*, the second by the literary editor of the *Morning Post*. In England this book appeared in three volumes, published in three successive months. In America the whole work is now available in two volumes.]

I

THE world of Mr. William Clissold is the world of to-day, and Mr. Clissold once studied geology and elementary biology at South Kensington. Nevertheless, Mr. Clissold is by no means to be identified with Mr. Wells, and any reviewer who attempts so to identify him is condemned in advance by Mr. Wells as a vulgar person using 'stock

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent Radical weekly), *September* 4; and the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *September* 1

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tricks.' The 'foreword' is as urgently emphatic on this point as it could be: —

> William Clissold is a fictitious character. . . . He is his own self and not his author's self, in his emotional reactions, in his hard willfulness, in his faith, in his political ideas, in his judgments. He is a specimen of modern liberalism, using liberalism in its broadest sense. . . . Is it too much to ask that they [his views] should be treated as his own? . . . It would be a great kindness to a no doubt undeserving author if in this instance William Clissold could be treated as William Clissold, and if Mr. Wells could be spared the standard charge of having changed his views afresh. . . . This is not a *roman à clé*. It is a work of fiction purely and completely.

Nothing could be more explicit. Those who know the broad outlines of Mr. Wells's life would, of course, never think of confusing him with his creation; for Mr. Clissold, although born in the same year as Mr. Wells, and writing, therefore, at the same age, was the son of an immensely rich but fraudulent company promoter, who committed suicide precisely in the manner in which Mr. Whitaker Wright committed suicide — namely, by inhaling hydrocyanic acid as he stepped down from the dock in which he had been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. William and his elder brother Dickon knew nothing of this tragedy at the time, having been whisked away by their mother to the Continent, where they remained for some years. Ultimately William becomes a prosperous mining engineer, who takes up his pen for the first time in his sixtieth year, to give the world in these volumes the results of his observation of life. These distinctive details are obviously decisive. But lest any doubt should remain (in the mind, for instance, of some far-away reader in the backwoods who does not know that Mr. Wells was not the son of a rich swindler), Mr. Wells was perhaps wise to insert his warning foreword.

To us it is as plain as a pikestaff that Clissold is not Wells. For one thing Clissold is a most awful bore — which Mr. Wells is not; he talks and talks and talks, or rather writes and writes and writes, and never seems to say anything — like the garrulous old gentlemen who infest club smoking-rooms, and talk because they have nothing better to do. Clissold babbles about his childhood and about the vast changes that he has seen in his time, and forecasts still vaster changes. He differs, however, from the smoking-room bore at least in this, that he thinks all changes are for the better rather than for the worse. But of chronic optimism and chronic pessimism it is really rather difficult to say which is the more tiresome. Clissold, however, is clearly an optimist. He is sure that everything is going to come right quite soon, — no more poverty, no more jealousy, no more Roman Catholics, and so on, — and only regrets that he will not live to enjoy the millennium which he foresees — with a wireless set in every Chinese home.

Clissold's views — and this first volume contains little else — are not easy to describe; they are so oddly assorted and so fitful, so imaginative. Thus: —

> The great religions of the world come down to us from a time when the average age was shorter [*sic*], when the world was relatively fuller of children and young people, when the emotional atmosphere was more in the key of adolescence than it is to-day. Life was short and thought was leisurely. Normally one believed what one was told. . . . There was no appetite for novelty.

Surely few of Clissold's predecessors in the art of autobiography, casual as it must always be, can have succeeded in crowding so many inaccuracies and

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non sequiturs into so few lines. Then again, after discussing the extraordinarily difficult financial position in which a Catholic priest finds himself if he acknowledges his unbelief and renounces the only profession for which he has been trained, Clissold writes: —

> Were someone to discover some interesting, well-paid employment for ex-priests, I do not know what would happen to the Roman Catholic Church. I believe it would collapse like a pricked sawdust doll. Its personnel would come pouring out.

And it is clear that Mr. Clissold does think like that, does really believe that any multimillionaire who was prepared to pension one generation of ex-priests could destroy forever the 'sawdust doll' which has dominated the emotions of billions of men and women for the best part of twenty centuries.

There is no answering such a thinker, whether he be a Clissold or a Babbitt. One can only listen and escape — when one can; and if one can escape before he describes his own faith, so much the better. For Clissold believes in a mass mind which is greater than the individual mind, and is destined eventually to replace it; and he thinks that in this evolution 'wireless' is going to prove a great help. The idea of God has been identified with many things, but to Clissold the honor certainly belongs of having been the first to identify it with Station WEAF.

Probably Clissold had spent his life in distant climes, in South America or Kimberley, and like so many of such returned voyagers was inclined to overestimate his capacity of mastering rapidly the current thought of the day. The result, of course, is a somewhat irritating naïveté of expression, as well as of thought. 'I do not find,' he writes, for example, 'any necessity for religious phraseology to express my own apprehension of the drama of existence. . . . I am much more inclined to use such new and unprecedented expressions as "The Adventure of Life," or what for all practical purposes is synonymous, the "Adventure of Mankind."'

New and unprecedented! Evidently Clissold had never read the works of Mr. Wells and of his unnumbered plagiarists during the past twenty or thirty years. Yet after all, perhaps these phrases are as new and unprecedented as anything else in his autobiography. He seems never to tire of reminding us that he has wonderfully emancipated himself from all belief in a Creator, forgetting that, although such a liberation may have been interesting in his young days before he went abroad, it is no longer so for anyone but himself.

But all the same, Clissold has great imaginative gifts. His outlook is essentially imaginative. Toward the end of this volume he writes: —

> No other part of history so interests me as the opening chapter before the documents begin. . . . We seem to come nearer the realities of human life than we do in many a later age when kings and princes and their policies monopolize the foreground.

Before the documents begin! Before there is any check on the imagination. Ah, yes! Clissold has imagined a wonderful and horrible 'Old Man' who owned his women and was sexually jealous of his sons. He killed them if he could, and so they had to be warned by their mothers to keep out of his way. Thus, through the innate tact of women, the race survived!

> The first step toward human accumulation on a broader scale was taken when the Old Man came to recognize the right of another adult male to live within sight or smell of him. The first mitigation of the possessive instinct was the foundation of human society.

How splendid to be a mining engineer and to be able to evolve the foundation

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of human society out of one's imagination like that!

There is, however, another side to Mr. William Clissold, an undercurrent of something else, beyond imagination, which seems to impel him to malign all those with whom he happens to disagree. Like most of us, for example, he rejects and hates the economic teachings of Karl Marx. But he is not content with mere rejection. He suggests that Marx's life was 'not very laborious,' that he was 'underexercised and perhaps rather excessively a smoker.' Clissold admits that this is mere suspicion, and one can only wonder that he does not suggest that Marx's breath was rather unpleasant. He deals with some of his contemporaries in a similar fashion, displaying a sort of petty malice which is obviously due to some very profound and pervading inferiority complex, arising perhaps from memories of the paternal financial swindler who committed suicide. The complex at any rate is evident enough; it appears on almost every other page; indeed the book may perhaps be regarded as one of the subtlest and most complete studies of that particular complex that have ever appeared in print. One pictures Mr. Clissold as a rather pompous little man — very like Babbitt in many ways, but a little less honest either with himself or with other people — who is always rather angry or hurt about something, except when he is being maudlin about his childhood.

But let us leave Mr. Clissold, for he really is not a very interesting person, and we do not quite understand why Mr. Wells should have troubled to invent him — he who has invented so many characters more real and more relevant. Why should he give us this infinitely tedious Clissold? Perhaps he will be less tedious when in the two volumes that are to come he cuts the cackle and tells us about the 'five contrasted love stories' which Mr. Wells's publishers promise us. But this first volume is a discouragement. How can any Clissold have a love story? He would talk to his lady of wireless and the 'primeval slime' — and she would n't listen. We are led to believe that he is a man of new ideas, but in this first volume of his autobiography there is not one single illuminating sentence, not one idea with which, for example, the readers of Mr. Wells have not been on terms of familiarity, admiring or otherwise, for almost as long as they can remember.

Perhaps we do not understand 'the public,' but we certainly fancy that they are likely to be less enthusiastic about Mr. Clissold's mind-wanderings than Mr. Wells's publishers are. The publishers apparently are sure that 'they are not overstating the case when they say that this work may prove epoch-making in the literal sense — that it may have a power to shape and mould the future of our world which will make it for future historians the most important literary work of the twentieth century.' As the twentieth century has still seventy-four years to run, we may hope not.

It would not take long to make a list of the pages in this first volume which ought not to be skipped, but it is simpler to suggest that readers should begin with the second, which will be published on October 1. In the second volume Clissold, having disposed of his opinions on Marx and broadcasting, and of his 'philosophy,' — which is no more interesting than tripe without onions, — will begin presumably to tell us something of those 'five love stories'; and then, we cannot help thinking, some of the inimitable wit and romance of that great story-teller, Mr. H. G. Wells, will begin to peep through the interminable banalities of Mr. Clissold's confessions.

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II

NOVELS with prefaces that explain or excuse resemble the drawings of small children which bear such inscriptions as, 'This is a Cow.' Just as the cow in a picture thus described is seldom obviously cowlike, so there is apt to be something lacking in a story that requires a Preface, even if — as almost always happens — it is an attack on the 'insolent' or 'indolent' reviewers.

In the Preface to the first volume (there are to be three in all), which is published to-day, of *The World of William Clissold*, by H. G. Wells, quite a number of distracting explanations, not to say excuses, are suddenly released. It reminds us of the story of a French entertainer with a troupe of nineteen kangaroos, who found to his disgust that there was a heavy duty on performing animals entering Bulgaria, where he hoped to have a profitable tour. However, his kangaroos were nicely graduated in size, and in order to bilk the Customs officials he caused the smallest beast to enter the pouch of the second smallest, which entered that of the third smallest, and so on until only the largest kangaroo of all remained visible to pay duty on.

The weather was hot, however, and the Customs people painfully slow — so that the poor congested animal could not hold in her complex contents, and suddenly exploded, the whole landscape being filled with a flight of released kangaroos, to the terror and amazement of all beholders. This 'insolent, indolent reviewer' is both terrified and amazed at the multiplicity of questions, both great and small, suddenly let loose in Mr. H. G. Wells's Preface, and the ingenious author must try to forgive him for dealing with only two or three of the larger ones.

Two of these questions 'concern the treatment of opinion in works of fiction, and what is called "putting people into books."' To take the second first, Mr. Wells claims that William Clissold, like all his other characters in this and previous novels, is a fictitious person. As to William Clissold, he says: 'His views run very close at times — but not always — to the views his author has in his own person expressed; nevertheless, is it too much to ask that they should be treated here as his own?' To be brutally outspoken, it is far too much to ask. Of all living authors Mr. Wells is most an egoist, and his varied and vivid self is the stuff, a sort of psychological plasticene, out of which his characters have been moulded from the first. He admits that there was never a character created by an imaginative author from the inside which did not contain the quite unavoidable element of self-projection. 'Even Hamlet is believed to be a self-projection of Shakespeare.'

But we are very sure that Mr. Wells has never yet realized the extent to which his characters, and the affairs — especially the love affairs — wherein they are involved, are autobiographical. He has lost nothing by the habit of pulling his emotions, and other people's emotions, up by the roots in order to make succulent salads for popular consumption. He is so profoundly interested in himself that the interest is contagious, and the general reader has been captivated by all the Wellsian variants, from Kipps to Ann Veronica's lover, and so on.

For these and other reasons we cannot grant Mr. Wells's request, and are compelled, on the contrary, to say that William Clissold is more like Mr. Wells than he is like himself. It is in vain that he introduces living personages into his book in order to throw us off the personal and peculiar scent, as of the attar of egoism. Dr. Jung turns up and talks in a London flat. The Shaw of the

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eighties 'blows' (Mr. Wells's word) into a Kensington evening, Mr. Keynes lunches with Clissold, and Dean Inge is met at dinner. But — a fatal omission! — Mr. H. G. Wells never appears to make his bow to the pretty ladies, and 'argue high and argue low, and also argue round about him.' If, say, Mr. Noel Coward had been faced with this problem of camouflage he would never have perpetrated such a deadly sin of omission.

'Is it not quite as much "life" to meet and deal with a new idea as to meet and deal with a new lover?' asks the author in that irrepressible Preface. The answer is in the negative; except for old men, thought can never have the poignant appeal of emotion. But the novel of ideas should attract thoughtful persons, provided the ideas are new. But the arguments and opinions here set forth are for the most part familiar to all the readers of the Wellsian treatises concerning all things in the universe and a few others. For example, the old attacks on the orthodox conception of Deity are renewed in dissertations on the 'two Mr. G.'s' (the other one is Gladstone), and the scholar historian, who sifts the dust of circumstance scientifically, thus performing an indispensable service to all save a Gibbon of the tree-tops, is pulverized in the old, futile fashion.

In the discussion of Karl Marx and the new Socialism, however, Mr. Wells's opinions, as uttered through the Clissold gramophone, show a change of orientation. Evidently he is moving slowly but surely toward the Right, and if his present rate of progress is maintained he will in about five years become an unofficial member of the Conservative Party. He still calls himself a revolutionary, but the mildest Menshevik would refuse to accept him as such. He has no use for the modern type of Socialist, loud, cocksure, intolerably abusive. Karl Marx is the maggot at the core, which has killed the old human and humane Socialism by imposing an unscientific simplification — the division of humanity into wicked Capitalists and virtuous Workers — on the minds of half-educated, talking, walking delegates and their uneducated dupes. His personality sketch of Marx is highly entertaining: —

> He suffered from his liver, and I suspect him of being generally underexercised and perhaps rather excessively a smoker. That was the way with many of these heavily bearded Victorians from abroad. He grew an immense rabbinical beard in an age of magnificent beard-growing. It must have precluded exercise as much as a goitre. Over it his eyes look out of his portraits with a sort of uneasy pretension. Under it, I suppose, there appeared the skirts of a frock coat and trousers and elastic-sided boots. He was touchy, they say, on questions of personal loyalty and priority, often more a symptom of the sedentary life than a defect of character, and the 'finished' part of his big work on Capital is overlabored and rewritten and made difficult by excessive rehandling and sitting over.

How can the A. J. Cooked economics of such an unwholesome old 'beaver,' unlearned in human nature and human intercourse, prevail against the open-air common sense of Englishmen? Mr. Wells sees in the Marxian movement only a policy of malicious reprisals against the petty bourgeoisie, the class just above and in closest contact with the Leninites, and the yearning for revenge that springs from an inferiority complex. In these sections Mr. Wells is once more Mr. Britling, as English as a cricket-ball, and he will no doubt be judged guilty of blasphemous heresy by the horde of alien-worshipers led by Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Saklatvala and the rest.

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THE DANCE IN 1926[1]

BY LÉANDRE VAILLAT

THEY called me the man who did not know how to dance. I wanted to prove that this was not an exact definition, and that is why I appeared this afternoon at five o'clock, as I am doing every day now, on the dance floor of an establishment in the Champs Élysées that has its name written out in great red letters on the door.

Obviously one does not describe a dance hall as one does a palace at Versailles. These more up-to-date places have nothing definite about them. Even those that describe themselves as modern grow old as quickly as the others. And how they love to follow the styles! In fact, they exist only for them.

To build a dancing establishment along any regular lines out of durable material would be to commit a grave error. Nothing of the sort is done. We look upon them as we do upon a dress which lasts only a single season. Red walls covered with cheap lacquer, something like the varnish that is squirted on an automobile through a kind of pistol; orange and blue lanterns; a lounge. The dance floor in the middle is perfectly square, and all about it are tables, with spaces on two sides, one on the right for the tango orchestra and the other on the left for the jazz band.

I take a chair on the floor beside the tango orchestra, for it is less deafening than the other. The jazz musicians across the way are getting ready. They take their instruments out, open the piano, and uncover their battery of noise. Just look at that black piano and the nickel trombone and saxophone, the stretched parchment on the drums and the brilliant cymbals. They are old acquaintances, but they are going to behave themselves in such a way that we shall feel ourselves in the presence of instruments entirely rejuvenated. After all, is not that the history of modern art? It has taken old words, brushed the dust off them, and refurbished them. It has turned them to new uses, to express new thoughts.

I like the chatter and the little noises of an orchestra tuning up. Those who are looking forward to it waken to a gentle sense of rhythm whose possibilities multiply before the opening of the attack overpowers the listener.

Let us consider some of the dances. First, the one-step. It has an easy, encouraging air: one — two; one — two. Military. It is what good musicians call a *rosalia*. This is something like a brisk walk on the jetty at a time when the sea air makes you feel like walking and ocean breezes stimulate. Men over forty prefer this dance, for they have reached the age at which, according to Miss Barney, one learns how to be young. The tune they are playing — I shall buy a phonograph record of it. I ask for the name of the title. 'Eccentric.' Why 'Eccentric'? This word reminds me of the pout that women made in 1914 when people talked to them about the one-step, fox-trot, and similar American products. 'Eccentric' was everything that was not the waltz,

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *August* 21

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the polka, or the mazurka. 'Eccentric' was the joke associated with this pouting expression.

Perhaps it was also the title given to the period after it had passed, as titles are always given, simply to number and distinguish it from other times. Perfumery has to have such names, and also *apéritifs* with which human beings poison themselves. So does each song that we sing. And must every wave that breaks on the beach where the girls are walking in the sun have one, too? No, 'eccentric' signifies nothing, not even gestures or the attitudes of children or young people. Their bodies — I was about to say their lives — reflect the joy of living, of stretching out their arms, laughing, breaking nuts between their teeth, swimming, and winning a rally at tennis. 'Eccentric' means a great deal of noise for nothing.

Now for the fox-trot. This is a more complicated matter. The musicians do their worst to break up the monotony of double beats, to dissipate the impression that the one-step always gives, and the dancers do the same, adapting their steps as well as they can to the various conceptions that the composer has devised to break a regular rhythm. They march back and forth from side to side, and execute one, two, or three turns, take a polka step, go forward firmly or heavily, return or swerve. There is a great deal of humor in this adaptation. Until recently the modern dance invariably repeated itself over and over. It was tightly fastened to a certain musical order; but the dancers of to-day enjoy the greatest physical latitude so that they may react properly to the variation of noises. They loiter, they pretend to obey, then they refuse, deliberately accept, consent with reservations, give themselves over with abandon; it is a perpetual adjustment into which the peculiar spirit of our epoch enters. Occasionally the humor is like Charlie Chaplin's, only rather less romantic. It resembles life in the open air or a coeducational class. People know each other for so long that they have no surprises left. If there is one, it will be a surprise party.

'I wonder what's become of Sally (*Je me demande ce qui est devenue Sally*).' Really, I ask, if we both looked for her she might not be far away. 'Steamboat Saï (*Le bateau de Saï*).' To these fox-trots one gives a woman's name as one does to a yacht. They are as pure as lake water.

The fact is that if the time after the war was the clandestine age of the dance, to-day is the sporting age. To the emphatic, chattering, grandiloquent noise of the trombone the nasal saxophone replies like shouting from the street.

The Charleston is next. 'Cat's whisker (*La moustache du chat*).' The musical theme of this is an amorous duetto of screeching on the roofs, where the cats revert to savagery and test their claws, shrieking out long serenades full of amorous execration. Charleston. This is one of them. Do you dance? No? Then do embroidery, read a novel, play bridge in a corner. You are useless in 1926. In the fervent crowd you must realize that the Charleston has taken the place of blues and the shimmy. What will replace the Charleston from Tugurt to the Transvaal? The African tribes do nothing but the Charleston. The universality of this dance among the black people gives it esoteric significance.

But what of it? Undress the dancers, — mentally only, for it would not always be fun in reality, — eliminate all the little individual mannerisms, lead them back to essentials — in brief, reduce the Charleston to its simplest elements and analyze it. You will find that it is entirely a matter of angles.

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The angle between the bust and the legs, the angle between the thighs and the shins, the angles between the ankle and the foot and the foot and the floor. The double angle of legs bent like parentheses. It is an arabesque step, but broken. It is a circular step. In the fox-trot, which we knew in France before the Charleston, but which came from a country where the Charleston existed before the fox-trot, we took new turns to left and right. Here in the Charleston there are no such things, only a series of broken lines.

All the steps are executed on the toes and then on the heels. The foot is put down flat only to give the body a point of departure. This is carried out so thoroughly that each of the steps falls into two parts, and the two rhythms, ordinarily so equal, so mechanical, and so monotonous, are transformed into four parts constantly syncopated and cut — all of which goes to emphasize this impression of constant breaks. It is a dance like broken sticks. A foot pivots on the toe, and the other foot kicks out beside it, beating the air with a jerky, irregular movement until it comes to rest on the ground to allow the other to execute the same flip. You end by letting yourself be tossed — not swayed — by the cadence of feet constantly beating together on the floor. A noise like that of a donkey on a village street, or like the light rattle of ballet shoes in the Opéra. The Charleston is so successfully danced in one spot that it nearly realizes the ideal of requiring an infinite amount of time to cover a very small space. It is the art of utilizing the dance floor. The dancer looks as if he were pushing his partner with effort. She retreats, defending her ground inch by inch.

You can dance a fox-trot with the air of a Charleston, but if your neighbors are dancing the Charleston you will look like a galloping horse among others who are doing a Spanish step. It will not be easy. You will run into obstacles. But do what my professor advised — throw out your chest, and stick out behind too. That is the way the Negroes do it. True, they are better made for that purpose. Josephine Baker, who started the Charleston at the Revue Nègre in the Champs Élysées music hall, did not expect to see the Charleston danced in clothes or in evening dress. Clothes or dress prevent our discerning the primitive geometry of the legs. Evidently that is what makes the spectacle of perfect young girls dancing the Charleston look so comic to me. I compare the docility with which they give themselves over to its imperious intonations with the insolence with which they would answer any indiscreet question or any demand whatever. Unhesitatingly they execute to the letter my professor's very realistic advice. Below the waist their bodies move frantically about, while above the waist their faces are distant, almost satiated in appearance. All these one-step and fox-trot tunes, carried to the four corners of the earth on phonograph records, are as famous as the name of a prize fighter, an assassin, or a movie actor, and they also carry with them the renown of some famous jazz band that first launched them to success. People speak now of the Savoy orchestra or Vincent Lopez with the same tone that we used to talk about the Colonne or Lamoureux. A group of my friends take an airplane to go and hear the jazz at the Savoy Hotel in London. They leave at noon, carrying with them a suitcase with evening clothes. They dine and dance at the Savoy and return the next day by the same route. I say nothing of Cocteau, who did his part with his band in the *Bœuf sur le toit*, nor of the pianist Wiener, whose arrangements of fox-trots for the piano have a

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mathematical spirituality. *L'enfant et le sortilège* by Ravel is full of reminiscences of jazz. Critics like Schoeffner write books about his musical influence. A real artist showed me analogies between jazz and Chopin. He demonstrated how the left hand played the rôle of a battery while the right hand executed an airy melody carrying the rhythm, like the saxophone.

Paul Whiteman — and I do not know who he was before the war —has made several million dollars out of this craze in the United States. Others know receipts for cocktails; he knows the receipt for jazz. When he has broken in enough expert hands he baptizes the group and authorizes it to bear his name. We recently heard one of these legitimate children of his at the Ambassadeurs.

Paul Whiteman, — the white man, — simply this name written in gold medals on a banner tells the whole story of the revulsion of Americans against the Negro. To boast of being white! See where the famous novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, has at last led us. There is a certain amount of ingratitude involved, for without the Negro dance where would they be? The whole merit of the Americans consists in having put this technique within the reach of white people. It is, however, a relative merit, and actually consists in having developed the Negro dance into an article of exportation. The jazz band of the Savoy Hotel in London feels the need of going every year to refresh itself at the source of the jazz tradition, to intoxicate itself with mechanical rhythms that inevitably evaporate after a few months in London.

Astounded people about me ask: Is it beautiful or ugly? The question is like that of the eighteenth century: Is it good or wicked? It depends on the instruments, on those who play them, and on those who listen. Into our abusive, pervasive anarchy jazz instills the clear mathematics of clever, delicate rhythm. It is a compensation and a marvelous balance. For it takes into account the intoxication and lack of equilibrium from which we all suffer. You think it is going to fall apart, lose its beat, and retrieve it rather ineptly. Absurd. It goes through, smiling, to the end. It simply gives the hearer the slip. Jazz livens our reflexes. It is a musical cocktail.

Now for the tango. The lamps suddenly go out. A heavy light succeeds the diamondlike scintillation and glows dark red. The gold walls grow dim and the contours of various objects fade. The tango orchestra succeeds the jazz band. It is good psychology, this intelligent correspondence between lighting and music — banal, perhaps, but how just! It gives the room the appearance of a shady dive. You think of Argentine cabarets where the tango holds sway. The one they are playing now is called '*Cœur de banlieue*.' It celebrates the kind of love that has every prerogative, that makes people dance and kill their enemies with dagger-thrusts in little suburban dance halls. In this dim light the dancers' faces appear olive-colored. Their expressions are more enigmatic, their origins more uncertain.

A little while ago, when jazz was beating in all ears, people's faces leapt about as a fisherman's bob plunges and rebounds in the water. Now they turn slowly in a continual mysterious flow which does not have any relation to the ground beneath them. Imperceptible impulses push forward or retard their course. It is like the clever carelessness of a potter who knows that the imperfection of his vase will reveal the living imprint of his hands. This kind of syncopation, which almost divides itself into a five-beat measure, is difficult to follow. In bending toward each

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other the figures lose none of their proud distance. Dancers turn, hestitate, separate. They push or drag their partners with them. This is quite physical, but no effort is involved beyond a definite interruption of the circles in which they move. When the dance stops it is still a broken circle and can be taken up again at the point at which it was left. A gentle abandon, defeat due to laziness. The tango, which in recent years assumed a European polish, reverts to its origins. People dance it better—I mean in a more Argentine style, more subtly and with more curves.

The orchestra, too, plays more in accordance with its original traditions. Its composition is almost the same as that of the Spanish *orquesta tipica*. That is what the Argentineans call a tango orchestra, in opposition to the classical orchestra and the jazz band. It includes the bandoleon, — a kind of long accordion, — a banjo, another guitar, and a piano which plays the part of percussion instruments, a battery of flat sounds beaten out mechanically in a most baffling style. There are violins — they are not essential. These orchestras remind me very much of old gypsies dressed in red waistcoats. But how much better I like these Argentineans in tuxedos, with white waistcoats and black cravats! They have the dull air of men who live only at night, and this gives their music and their way of playing it a serious air. All the melancholy of the rancho is evoked. Here are popular songs sprouting from the very sources of life itself. How easy it is to understand that on every Friday over there tango festivals are celebrated.

I am trying to disengage what all these modern dances have in common, and to group and associate them with the style of the age in which we are living. On reflection I believe that they can be divided into two families — on the one hand the one-step, the fox-trot, and the Charleston; on the other, the Boston, the *paso doble*, and the tango. The symmetry of the two orchestras exactly symbolizes this division.

The jazz band is represented by a broken succession of straight lines, and the tango orchestra by an interrupted series of curves. In both cases the desire to break the line, to prevent it from arriving at any conclusion, is obvious. Indeed, that is one of the characteristics of contemporary art. It is concise and compact, the enemy of rhetoric and facile transition. Is not the straight line, as opposed to the curved line, the symbol of the machine and of utility victoriously affirming itself in contemporary works? Is this not also the tendency of the decorative art of 1925, which replaced the arabesque design with the angular, the sphere with the polyhedron, freehand tracing with compass drawing? But is not the decorative art of 1925 as far away from us as the so-called modern style of 1900? More advance signs of decadence in the modern dance are appearing at this moment. Among them is the hostile attitude shown in most of the recent revues to the Negroes, for they nearly all contain some little jibe against the black invasion, but first of all is the fact that one can look at the whole matter philosophically, as if one were already speaking of the past.

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A JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA. V[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

We have had to get together a caravan in the midst of all these receptions, calls, luncheons, tennis parties, breakfasts, and dinners. It is a task that one must have attempted to appreciate. We were bewildered at the outset by a diversity of counsels. Some told us: 'Hire your mules from a *neggadi*. It is the only sensible thing to do, and will save you an immense amount of worry.' Others advised us: 'Buy your own animals. Buy them! It is the only thing to do if you are to get any pleasure and satisfaction from your trip.' We tried both ways, and discovered that each has its peculiar disadvantages.

Bargaining for our beasts, although it was but one item in these protracted negotiations, was no simple matter. We had just twenty-nine days, according to our schedule, for our preparations. That is a fairly liberal amount of time in Europe, but in this country of procrastination, indolence, and trickery, where it takes an hour to buy a box of matches, twenty-nine days were all too short. Eight days before the date set for our departure we had procured only twelve of the forty animals necessary for our expedition. On the day after arriving at Addis Abeba we engaged a *caporal*, or caravan leader. He was a sturdy, vivacious little fellow, in perpetual movement, — always gesticulating, shouting, and rushing hither and thither, — and was blessed with an infallible memory, which enabled him to keep accounts with minute exactness, although he could neither read nor write. Twenty days before the time for our departure he rushed up to us, talking excitedly: 'By Menelik! By Menelik, we 'll be ready! I'll see that you get mules. But they 're awfully dear this year. Pasturage is scarce. The twenty-five dollars a head I thought would do are not enough.'

'Let 's make it a little more, then. How much?'

A pause ensued, during which our little caporal scratched his beard frantically. We profited by the opportunity to ask: 'When shall we be ready?'

'I think it will be safer — for you, not for me; I am only interested in your interests — well, to tell the truth, it would be better to pay a little higher.'

'How much?'

'Ah — ah — five — say thirty dollars a head instead of twenty-five. Two hundred dollars more for the forty animals.'

We stacked on the table a pile of twenty bright silver dollars just drawn from the vaults of the Bank of Abyssinia, all bearing the august features of Maria Theresa of Austria. Then we stacked up by the side of them nine other piles of the same height, without taking the trouble to count them. That is a custom of the country, which we soon learned. Our man verified the count of the first pile, saw that the other piles were the same height, swept the money into a fold of his *chamma* with one movement of the hand, swore

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *August* 31, *September* 8

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that to-morrow without fail, by Menelik, every animal should be in front of the hotel stable, and started off at a dogtrot.

But the next morning we found at the stables only eight new mules, and they were by no means sturdy beasts — certainly no better than those we had bought for the lower price before. This was the beginning of several scenes like the one just described, during which quotations for animals gradually rose from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars.

Next we had to buy pack saddles, — or rather their Abyssinian equivalent, — and it was perfectly astonishing to discover the number of parts these primitive contrivances contained. First there was the wooden fork, which invariably chafed the animal. Then the cloth and the sheepskin and the straps, — those long, slender rawhide straps which hold the packs on the saddles, — and so on. Now, by some tragic coincidence, wooden forks, pads, cloths, sheepskins, and straps had just criminally, unjustly, extortionately, risen in price — 'By Taffari!' We had to be philosophers, however, and resign ourselves to this catastrophe, or else stay stranded in Addis Abeba.

After the pack-saddle episode came the engagement of muleteers. We agreed at the beginning that ten would be enough. Later we were persuaded by the irrefutable arguments of our caporal — 'I could n't take the responsibility of handling a caravan without them, by Menelik' — that we must have extra watchmen to guard the animals while we slept. So we added two more men to our list. Next it was tactfully pointed out to us that there must be men to graze the animals. We had utterly forgotten that animals must be grazed. A fatal omission! So two grazing-men were added. Horrors! We had also utterly overlooked men to load and unload the animals. It was demonstrated to us — so clearly that a child would understand it — that if we did not hire five men to perform this indispensable operation our mules would be perfectly useless. Then came the question of guns. We might run into dangerous country. Venture abroad without weapons? Impossible! Every muleteer must have his gun and at least a dozen cartridges. To be sure, we had already hired eight *zabanias*, or native gendarmes, for our protection. But that made no difference. From the leader of the caravan down to the last grazing-man every one of us must go armed to the teeth.

When all this had been attended to we thought the business was over. Ingenuous simplicity! We had not yet bought our men skillets, water bottles, the pieces of sheet iron on which they cook their pancakes, sandals, blankets, and cartridge boxes. The list seemed to grow longer the more we purchased, and for a time threatened to be interminable. Yet somehow we managed at last to get ready — almost.

We had worked during these twenty-nine days from dawn to sunset, wearing ourselves to a frazzle with alternating fits of anger and despair. But at length our boys were hired and registered at the municipality, where they signed their names with their fingerprints; we paid official fees and registered our own names in the bargain. That little formality took only eleven hours in a crowded, chaotic office. We had also registered our contracts with our Somali hunters and our chief hunter at the French Consulate and the Legation. We had bought provisions and arms. We were ready.

Catastrophe! On the night we left, our cook, whom some providential inspiration had moved us to try out, proved to be absolutely worthless. He served us a roast charred on the surface and

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raw inside, sugared beans, curdled cream, and prunes pleasantly boiled with nuts. We fired him and had to get another.

Our luggage was ready. Our boxes of clothing, our cases of provisions, our tanks for forty litres of extra water, our medicine chest, our packages of ammunition, had all been weighed, sealed, marked. Then there were our personal arms — two Mausers, a Winchester, a Manlicher, two 'sixteens,' all oiled and tested. We inspected our tents, tables, cots, chairs, the whole battery of kitchen utensils, our saddles and bridles — everything was in perfect order. Our bedding and mosquito nets were packed in waterproof bags. The last knot was tied, the last strap buckled. We had been incessantly at it for twenty-eight days, and were tired and worn out. All the town had helped us, encouraged us, sustained us. Our passport, bearing the seal of the Imperial Government and of Prince Taffari, had been delivered an hour before. Every animal and every member of the caravan was mustered the previous night. Our men were to begin loading at dawn, and we were to set out at ten o'clock. Ready to leave at last!

Not quite yet! Someone had forgotten the little cushions of cloth stuffed with straw needed to keep the animals from chafing. We had forgotten the lariats to tether the mules at night. No one had thought to buy sickles to cut grass for them. So there was a scurrying hither and thither, a hasty canvass of all the shops in town, to repair these omissions. At 10.30 we, who had been up since five o'clock, were still busy hustling our muleteers, beseeching our caporal, driving our boys, bestowing on everybody commands, encouragement, and exhortations. At 11.30 the missing articles arrived. Packs were tied in pairs and 'hefted' a second time by the hand of the caporal. It was now noon, as the midday gun announced. We began to load the mules. Two men seized twin packs and swung them across the back of a restless animal. Then each seized one end of the long leather straps that went over the pack and under the mule, pulled it tight, and cinched them. This was slow work. Some animals, too tightly strapped, bucked off their packs and stampeded! So it was necessary to catch them, gather up their packs, and repeat the whole performance.

We made a hasty luncheon on sandwiches. At four o'clock the last mule was finally ready and joined the other animals, some of whom had been loaded for several hours. This time we actually started. The animals, encouraged by their muleteers and led by Ashagré, our caporal, emerged from the big gate of the hotel yard. We saw the last of our forty men pass out ahead of us. Then we swung into our saddles, under the eyes of a crowd of curious spectators watching our departure from the hotel balconies and windows.

Off at last!

We have been on the road for eight days. Far away yonder, beyond the horizon, the railway upon which we have turned our backs sparkles, a long steel thread across the desert. In front of us a lofty chain of mountains festoons the prospect with its sombre flanks and rugged peaks. Around us extends the bush. Villages have gradually become rarer. For four days we have not passed a single settlement. Our trail at first led through broad, sandy country dotted with pebbles and broken by isolated, barren, rocky hills. Next we came to a swampy valley where the gnats and flies stung us without pity. After that we entered prairie country, where rolling plains, covered with a

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heavy carpet of herbage, extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach. This evening finds us camped at the base of the first foothills of the great Arusi range, whose mighty rampart guards the Galla country — a land hardly yet subjugated by Ethiopia, whose people of mysterious origin and strange customs we hope to study.

It has been an eventful week. We have served our apprenticeship in a new way of living, learned its routine, and corrected many initial blunders. Our training has been of a twofold character, practical and psychological; and now we are beginning to enjoy this caravan life, which is both exhausting and restful, active and lazy, monotonous and full of incident, and which grows more fascinating with every day that passes.

We have learned by trial and error a thousand trifles, ignorance of which made our first few days out a succession of petty mischances and disagreements, each insignificant in itself but aggravating in the mass. I have learned a new lesson for almost every waking minute of these eight days. We now know how to choose our camping place — in the shade of a tree; not too near the water, on account of the mosquitoes, and not too far away, lest we overwork our carriers; near good grazing for our animals, but clear of thickets or groves, which often conceal invisible perils. We know how to pitch our tents so as to avoid slopes, down which we kept sleeplessly rolling our first nights out. We have learned to pitch them so that the sun will not pour directly into them during the hot afternoon, or the cold wind blow through them during the night. Making camp has been systematized and simplified. Six men, always the same ones, are assigned to our tents; they pitch them the first thing when we arrive, and strike them when we leave. It is always the duty of the same man to unroll or roll up the canvas, to set up or take down the poles, to hammer in or pull out the tent pins, and so on. In this way we have expedited camp-making greatly.

At five o'clock in the morning a bugle sounds, and we are instantly on our feet. A barely perceptible grayness is visible inside the tents. With chattering teeth we hasten through our toilet, and emerging find the mules already assembled in a long line, saddled and waiting. Men stand shivering in the keen morning air around the fires, wrapped in their blankets and still half asleep. Their tents have already been struck; all their luggage is baled and ready for departure. While we are eating a hasty breakfast the mules are loaded.

Six o'clock. The caravan sets forth amid the cracking of whips and the shouts of the mule drivers. Until eleven o'clock, and sometimes until noon, it will crawl slowly forward, breaking in two, re-forming, stopping to readjust a pack or cinch tighter a strap, or to catch a bolting mule, or to extricate an animal caught by the spiny branches of the mimosa trees.

At length a glisten of water and a patch of shade break the monotony of the landscape and mark our halting-place. While the leaders lift the packs from the mules the men appointed for that duty get our tents and pitch them; our boys make our beds, set up our folding tables and camp stools, bring water, arrange our toilet articles, lay out a change of boots and clothing, and hang our portable shower to a tree limb a little distance away.

By this time the table is set for luncheon, with glasses, plates, bottles, knives, and forks; and the cook and his helpers are busy preparing our meal. The trickle of water from the filter into the tank below is audible.

While we take our midday meal our

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men in turn make themselves comfortable. The mules, having been unloaded, and having rolled in the dust to their hearts' content, are pasturing in charge of one of our nonchalant 'grazers.' The little triangular tents of the personnel rise with remarkable rapidity, for they are merely ingenious white canvas bonnets supported on three sticks.

Our little village is now finished. Under the scanty shade of a few thorny mimosas our four green canvas tents are grouped, surrounded by the six little white tents of our men. During the hot midday hours of the siesta the air is vibrant with heat, and the only sound is the low cooing of turtle doves in the neighboring branches.

At 5 P.M. the camp emerges from its stupor, and one man after another presents himself with some grievance or request. Squatting on the ground in front of me, our caravan leader waves a hand of protest. 'Too long a march, much too hard. The mules won't last long at this rate. They 'll die, every one of them, and we 'll be left surrounded by brigands and without animals, without any way of getting out of the wilderness. Three of them have already gone lame.'

'Have the veterinary look after them as soon as they 're back from the pasture. Anything else?'

'That fellow Gofnane'—the man lowers his voice confidentially—'is a drunkard and lazy.'

'Why did you hire him?'

'I don't know. He was vouched for by a responsible man. They recommended him to me. You can't know everyone. He refused to cut grass for the mules last night. The muleteers complain that Ahmed the Somali never does anything. Another good-for-nothing. He 's one of the men you yourself hired. Then Valde-Zadic and Agay-bru got into a fight this morning about loading. And then your boy Bakala borrowed two measures of millet this morning from Badsada and won't repay it. And then —'

So the list continues, a long string of petty complaints, disputes, trickeries, renewed every day and always punctually brought to our attention.

No sooner have I finished with our caravan leader than our chief hunter appears. He has a different song to sing. 'Why are you going into the Gu-gu? There 's no game there. The game 's in the desert around Wache. There are no mountains to climb there. Easy going, and game! Game like that!' Here the fellow picks up a fistful of sand in his lean, bony hand and scatters it around him as a sower broadcasts his seed. 'Yes, like that everywhere. Bunches of thirty, forty, fifty antelopes at a time. That 's where we ought to go.' Our other hunters — thin, excitable Somalis — crowd behind him and nod approvingly.

After they are disposed of, our head boy must tell his story. He is having difficulties with his housekeeping. We listen to each man's tale of woe, make decisions, set things right, recall shirkers to their duty, read over such and such a clause from the contract they signed before they left Addis Abeba, fine them, bring some rebellious fellow to his senses, and occasionally lose our temper.

After the grumblers have had their say the sick and the wounded come. We open our medicine chest; they squat around us in a little circle, looking as pathetic as they can, and we dose them with ipecac, soda sulphate, quinine, and aspirin. We bind up bruised fingers, lance boils, disinfect cuts with iodine, and put drops in their eyes. Thus we relieve to the best of our ability the minor ills for which dust, pebbles, thorns, bad water, and green fruit are responsible among our little

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army of fifty men, whose bodies are strong and sturdy but whose minds are the minds of children.

Six o'clock. Evening approaches. The turtle doves stop cooing. Great patches of shadow creep down the slopes of the mountains toward the plain and across our camp. The last vague lights on the horizon fade away. With a clatter of hoofs our animals return from pasture and range themselves in a long line in front of the muleteers' tents, where each is tethered to a long rope stretched across the camp. Fires sparkle at intervals. Around them cluster groups of men cooking supper and stretching their chilly limbs, ill protected by their thin garments, toward the flames. Our dining table is set in front of our tents, candles are lighted, and our servants call us to supper. This is the most peaceful and restful hour of the day. All the members of our party are together. The flickering candles make little rings of light on the table and cast furtive gleams across our relaxed features. The blackness of the night becomes a solid wall of darkness, pierced here and there by little openings where the fires of our men are glowing. Occasionally a flame flares up, suddenly detaching an object hitherto invisible from its background — rude human features, a white tent-side, three mules, two boxes piled on one another. One flame higher than the rest extends visibility for a moment to a neighboring tree, whose ruddy, graceful branches are suddenly outlined to our view. Then the blackness closes in again — the vast, unfathomable blackness of the wilderness.

Eight o'clock. The boys have cleared the table. We sit on the ground warming ourselves around the embers of our camp fire, and trace to-morrow's route upon a map spread out before us. Our caravan leader, our chief hunter, and our guide come to receive their orders for to-morrow. Two gendarmes report with shouldered rifles and then depart to their posts, one at either end of the camp.

We make the last round of inspection, escorted by Ashagré with a lantern and a cocked gun, passing in front of the tents, through the groups of men, and along the line of feeding animals. The next day's menu is discussed with our servants. That is invariably a council of defeated hopes. We discuss all sorts of impossible variations in our bill of fare, which nevertheless invariably reduces itself to the customary omelette, the traditional roast, the inevitable canned vegetables, and the eternal rice and milk.

At nine o'clock we sip a tiny cup of coffee and retire to our tents. Camp fires die down. A man plays a melancholy and tender air of two notes upon a pipe, which he has fashioned from a bit of reed during the day's march. He plays alone under the chilly star-studded sky until three blasts of the caravan leader's bugle sound taps. Thereafter it is forbidden to make any noise in the camp or to leave its boundaries. Deep nocturnal silence ensues, broken only by our animals crunching their barley.

A few moments later, however, the laugh of a hyena begins to break the stillness at regular intervals, sometimes nearer, sometimes farther away, — a sinister, prolonged *wu-wu*, *wu-wu-wu*, *woop!* A jackal barks an answer from somewhere in the darkness. The sentry's voice calling the watch keeps us awake a few minutes. Then, while a gust of night wind shakes our tent, we sink into deep, dreamless slumber.

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ELEONORA DUSE[1]

BY GEORG BRANDES

AUSTERE, deep-rooted genuineness was the essence of her character. Yet it was not genuineness alone that made her rare, remarkable, phenomenal. The art of Eleonora Duse was the kind that gave the beholder insight into a great soul, into a world of beauty to which she alone held the key.

I regret exceedingly that she was not at the height of her art and power when I first saw her, though she did still possess youth.

We recognize greatness by what it disdains. Duse never played up to the public; she scorned all artificial means toward getting her effect. She never used cosmetics. Her pride did not permit it. In fact, she played in her own gray hair the part of the not twenty years old Francesca da Rimini. Her genius had use for no other aids than inspiration.

When Duse came to Paris in 1897, Sarah Bernhardt had just broken her contract with the Théâtre Français. Consequently she enjoyed unlimited unpopularity at the hands of the management, the actors, and the actresses. The Italian actress's first appearance on the French national scene gave Paris the opportunity to pay her overwhelming homage as the foremost actress of her day. The ceremony was unique: the personnel of the French theatre tendered the foreign guest a brilliant dinner where profuse oratory reigned supreme.

Sarah could not be seriously annoyed if those who honored Duse found fault with her; but, in the very house where Bernhardt had for years reigned supreme, to have another artist hailed as the finest of the period, to have Sarah Bernhardt's name not so much as mentioned — that was revenge as they know it in the theatre.

It is to be assumed that Duse found pleasure in this rare tribute; yet she was wise enough to understand the motive behind it all. She was too great and too sure an artist to allow it to go to her head. On those who have fought and suffered much, and who know their own artistic ability, neither praise nor abuse makes any special impression.

Already during her stay in Paris Duse's name was linked with that of the Italian poet whose friendship for more than ten years lifted her to the skies as artist, while at the same time she was abandoned to the mercy of vulgar curiosity and gossip. As far as is known, their relationship was not yet affected by any rancor. Yet I recall a rather painful joke that came from her lips. To pay Duse what she considered a nice compliment the French authoress Madame Jeanne Marni once said: 'Signor d'Annunzio most assuredly is lovable.'

'He most certainly is that,' replied Eleonora Duse. 'The only trouble is that whenever he goes for a walk he asks me for a few louis d'or — and he goes out walking very often.'

It is said that these occasional louis d'or little by little mounted up to a fortune. Eight years later Duse said to

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me, without even naming d'Annunzio: 'One can never rely on an Italian lover. The Italians are churlish fellows. One of them has caused me a great sorrow — so great, in fact, that I should have been broken completely had I not at the same time lost all the money I had ever earned in the theatre. This was indeed a real blessing; I could not give myself over to my grief, but had to begin all over again and work hard. That was what kept me up.'

Duse could survive the money loss, but when in the novel, *Il Fuoco*, the feminine secrets of her love and her body were made public, even her rival, Sarah Bernhardt, wrote that never again would she enact any character by a writer who had conducted himself so unchivalrously toward a lady. And she kept her word.

Yet there is this to be said in extenuation of what d'Annunzio wrote — that perhaps no one else has ever glorified the artist in Duse as he did when he placed his former sweetheart before the eyes of the world. In his novel a halo of truth and fame shines around Eleonora Duse's head. His incessant self-praise irritates the reader, but his reverence for Duse's genius atones for this.

Recently d'Annunzio's skill in poetic description has renewed my respect for him. Ever since I first read *Il Fuoco*, perhaps twenty years ago, the account of the visit of the two lovers to the glassworks on the island of Murano, near Venice, has remained in my memory. When I was there I took a gondola and went to Murano, where I was courteously received by the manager of the works, and asked to be shown the room in which Duse and d'Annunzio had stayed. The manager showed me an almost empty chamber of considerable size with a few men at work in it.

'Do you mean to tell me that this is the room?' I asked. 'It has not been changed in the least,' he replied. I could hardly believe my eyes. But I felt overcome by d'Annunzio's ability to glorify and beautify through the sheer power of his imagination. The homage that he makes the glass blowers here pay Duse, of whose personality and fame they knew, increases the reader's impression of her greatness.

Before Duse and d'Annunzio constituted an artistic couple came the short period when as prima donna she was associated with Flavio Ando, equally famous as theatrical director and actor. He never wrote a line against her, but on the other hand he never wrote a line of praise. Though he passed silently through her emotional existence, it is not unreasonable to believe that deep in her heart he meant as much to her as she to him.

I believe that the first time I saw this rare artist play was in Goldoni's *La Locandiera*. But this gracious character did not afford her an opportunity to display the depth of her grave nature, though it did present much which was so strikingly Italian that it suited the Italian actress admirably. The part fitted her, rejuvenated her completely, wiped out all the tragicalness that was hers by nature.

It was not long after this that I saw her play Hedda Gabler in Berlin, and, after first surprising me, it made me ill at ease. Apparently she had not the slightest conception of what Ibsen had meant, and as a real admirer of Duse's art I considered it my duty to seek an interview with her and explain it to her.

I knew the play from the first evening when I received a copy of it from Ibsen himself, and when, much against my habit, I made a circle of friends wait for me in the café of the Hotel Dagmar because I could not tear myself away from the book. I still remember how on that particular evening I could not

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become reconciled to two details — the place where Lövborg through his drunkenness drops the manuscript of his book, and when Hedda in her fury throws it into the fire. To my objections against these incidents, which I considered neither natural nor logical, Alexander Kjelland replied with his superior knowledge of human nature: 'There is nothing that a man may not do when drunk, or a woman when in the throes of jealousy.'

At any rate I knew the play better than most people, and felt a need to convey my conception of its nature to the great Italian actress. I naturally wrote to her in the most polite manner, expressed my wish, and added that I was prepared to find that she did not know my name, in which case I asked her to inquire about me among her Berlin acquaintances. She would then learn that I understood dramatic art.

To my surprise I received a note in her own handwriting stating that she was too occupied to set aside any time for visitors, but she took the meaning from my letter that my real desire was to get a pass to her performances, a privilege that I could secure by applying to the cashier. I did not again visit the theatre in Berlin where she was playing.

Hardly a month later I received from Count Prozor, in Cairo, a letter regarding Duse which caused me still greater astonishment. Duse was about to appear in Copenhagen. She had written the Count that her greatest desire was to make my acquaintance there. Through Count Prozor she asked me to write her a few words to a certain address in Europe, telling her whether she could see me in Copenhagen.

Of course, I answered and told her that, a short time before, I had offered her every opportunity to have a talk with me, but that she had refused in a rather offending manner.

After this a still more curious letter followed: 'Are you trying to make fun of me? Never could I have been such a goose as to decline meeting you and holding a conversation with you.'

I could have answered, if I had cared: 'I still possess the first letter, and the writing is identical. Presumably you had other matters to think about, and wrote mechanically.'

When finally we met I asked her if there was anything of Ibsen's that pleased the Italians, recalling especially the many witticisms that had been circulating in the Italian press around the title, 'The Wild Duck.'

'Of course he finds favor,' replied Duse. 'But it must be admitted that, here and there, to things you Northern people take seriously we in Rome attach a tinge of the comical. You ask for an example? You perhaps remember in *Rosmersholm* where Rosmer and Rebekka, at the close of the second act, say good-night to each other. Quite unconsciously, as it seems, they are passionately in love with each other. As they part, Rosmer says: "Good night." Rebekka: "Are you going upstairs so early this evening too?" Rosmer: "This evening as usual." Rebekka: "Good night, and sleep well." After these words the whole house burst out laughing. This coolness seemed so comical to the Romans that I did not dare to produce the piece again. There you have the difference between the Northern and the Southern temperament.'

As time passed, Duse came to hold *The Lady from the Sea* the dearest of all Ibsen's dramas. To the Northern mind it is perhaps one of the less satisfying. It is too odd to be understood properly, and the magic formula, 'Liberty without responsibility,' tells us nothing. But this creation, the Lady from the Sea, who lives her entire life in unsatisfied longing, unquestionably responded to

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something unconscious or half-conscious deep down in Duse's own character.

Duse felt the weaknesses and the passions of the great artist. She had for a long time entertained the unsatisfied wish to present Italians with a national theatre, to found her own playhouse, as it were, an institution that would do for Italy what Bayreuth had done for the Germans. She found neither understanding nor responsiveness, and was compelled to lead the roving life of the modern star in the theatrical firmament.

As time is reckoned, between fourteen and fifteen years separate Duse from Sarah Bernhardt. While Sarah appears to have been born in 1844, Eleonora Duse's birth certificate is dated October 5, 1859. She was born in Vigevano, in Lombardy, the child of the actor Allesandro Duse and Vicentina Capeletto. The Duse family's original home was Chioggia, where in his day Luigi Duse had renewed *la commedia dell' arte*. Eleonora was a child of the stage and spent the greater part of her life on the boards. When fourteen years old she was engaged as ingénue, and in those earlier years she suffered great want. Her mother died exhausted in a hospital, and her unsympathetic companions made sport of her pride and reserve.

But she made her way. At twenty she took the part of Zola's Thérèse Raquin in place of an actress who was ill, and, while the rôle was wholly outside her real métier, luck was with her.

Next she became *prima attrice* in the troupe of Cesare Rossi, and while playing in Turin she one evening heard Sarah Bernhardt, and was fascinated. She realized, however, that her own artistic objective was entirely different.

Among the many parts that the exigencies of the theatre compelled her to play, all too many have to-day become nearly worthless. But among them all there shines as a star in the heavens Santuzza in Verga's unforgettable *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The dark, terrible Sicilian passion in this little play by a great poet became in her hands even more intense than life. She actually blended her own self with the character. Whoever, like the writer of these lines, loved the simplicity and strength of this matchless poet was bound to rejoice to see Duse give this cheerless yet touching creation its full due.

It is in the highest degree counted to Duse's honor that she dared to perform Ernest Renan's beautiful risqué drama, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*. The silliness and the hypocrisy that possessed contemporary French criticism of the play roused all thinking people, but they kept silent. Duse alone had the courage to present this innocent drama. Nothing human was foreign to her.

She also brought forth dramatically effective works like Sudermann's *Magda*, Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and Maeterlinck's least typical play, *Monna Vanna*. But she was greater and more in conformity with her own self in d'Annunzio's lyrical dramas — as Silvia Settala in *La Gioconda*, as Anna in *The Dead City*, or as Francesca da Rimini in the play of that name. Naturally this Italian actress understood her own countrymen best, as did also the man who for so long a time captivated her and wrote with her in mind as the interpreter of his creations.

No other native dramatist of her time, with the exception of Vega, — who only on one occasion dramatized a novel, — possessed that dignity and infinite superiority, that contempt for all extraneous aids, that her innermost character could best express. The poets of her own country did not attain such heights. She was and remained an artist who never found available the artistic language that exactly corresponded to her genius.

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The poets of other countries were too far removed for her. If, as Maximilian Harden wished, she had attempted to present the Princess in Goethe's *Tasso* her own countrymen would probably have greeted it coldly. The part is as if created for her, but the Italians are accustomed to more popular fare, and the very music of the text would have been completely lost in translation. Characteristic of the independence and aloofness of the great actress is the fact that she, who with passion and art gave her people such foreign masterpieces as *The Lady from the Sea*, could never get in tune with Racine, let alone Corneille.

How good-natured and lovable Duse could at times be is shown by the following incident. No sooner had I made her acquaintance in Copenhagen in 1906 than I was besieged by people who wished to obtain one favor or another from her through me. Among those who appealed to me was a lady of whom I thought a good deal, and for this reason I hated to refuse her wish. Miss Regitze Winge not only spoke Italian fluently, but wrote it like a native. She asked me to have Duse read the manuscript of a play that she had written in Italian, *The One Who Loses*.

Highly as I esteemed the lady, it is unnecessary to say that the mission was distasteful. I had only made the acquaintance of this foreign artist a few days before, and already I was taking up her valuable time with a matter that did not even concern me personally. But I promised to do my best, and to my great surprise Duse at once consented by saying: 'I find it very difficult to go to sleep. Before I retire I will look through the manuscript.'

She did as she promised, praised the play highly, and asked Miss Winge to call on her. Then she recommended it to an Italian committee that had offered a prize for the best drama, and the remarkable happened — of the hundreds of anonymous manuscripts submitted, the play from Copenhagen was adjudged the best. But the committee acted most unchivalrously and refused to give the prize to the Danish lady on the ground that she was a foreigner.

It was Matilde Serao who once called Duse *la pellegrina appassionata*. The burning and divine unrest in her soul are summed up in these words.

Another — who, by the way, she did not like — styled her 'the Empress of Solitude.' Maurice Barrès was distasteful to her, as was Anatole France, because all irony was repulsive to her feminine instinct. Irony, curiously enough, made the impression on her of being insincere and cold. To her, apparently, truth was the highest goal to be attained. And this she could not separate from an unequivocal character.

Eleonora Duse loved life, and looked clear through humankind. At the zenith of her activity she was constantly on the move, ever traveling about, just as in her innermost being she was always emotionally stirred. Having searched the minds of men, terror-stricken and aroused over the vulgar in their thoughts and deeds, she sought a deeper and deeper solitude in order to breathe more freely and independently.

She was the loneliest actress who ever lived.

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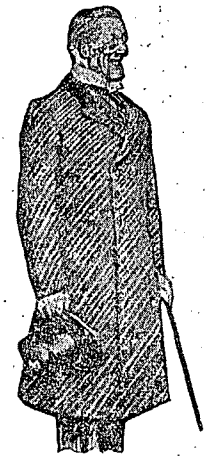
Winston Churchill, the half-Yankee *enfant terrible* of the Cabinet, a whilom Liberal in a Conservative Ministry, and one of the ablest men in its ranks.



Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, is perhaps the most booed and boosted member of the present Cabinet.

Philip Snowden, an intellectual Laborist, who preceded Mr. Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the economic authority of his Party.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, who 'crushed' the general strike last May, assumes a Mussolini pose.

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Ramsay MacDonald, who leads Labor, although his extremist followers sometimes mutiny against his moderate policies, scarcely needs an introduction.

Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere's rival among England's titled journalists, made his beginning as a successful Canadian financier.

Lord Oxford, who leads the mugwump wing of the Liberals and is at outs with his fellow Partyman — but not partisan — Lloyd George.

The Right Honorable Sir Gordon Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of Great Britain, ranks next to the Lord Chancellor in his country's legal hierarchy.

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THE VOICE OF HUMANITY[1]

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[THIS is a speech made in Milan by the great Indian poet during his recent visit to Italy.]

MY friends, I have been waiting for this moment. When Professor Formichi asked me to tell him what would be my subject this evening I said I did not know; for you must understand that I am not a speaker. I am nothing better than a poet. When I speak, I speak with my surroundings and not to my surroundings. Now that I see your kind faces, your silent voice has reached my heart, and my voice will blend with it. When the heart wishes to pay its debt it must have some coin with the stamp of its own realm upon it — and that is our mother tongue. But I do not know your beautiful language; neither do you know mine. Since, therefore, that medium cannot be used for the commerce of thought and sentiment between you and myself, I have reluctantly to use the English language, which is neither yours nor mine. Therefore at the outset I ask you to forgive me, — those of you who do not know this language, as also those of you who do, — because my English is a foreigner's English.

Now I know what I am going to speak to you about. It will be in answer to the question as to what was the urging that brought me to you across the sea. In our language we have the expression *jagrata devata*, 'the Divinity which is fully awake.' For the soul of the individual the Divine is not everywhere and always active. Only where our consciousness is illumined with love does God act through our spirit. The shrine of the wakeful Divinity is there where the atmosphere of faith and devotion has been created by the meeting of generations of true worshipers. So our pilgrims in India are attracted to those places where, according to them, the Divine Spirit is active through the religious life and work of devotees.

Sometime in 1912 I felt such desire to make my pilgrimage to the shrine of humanity where the human mind was fully awake, with all its lamps lighted, there to meet face to face the Eternal in man. It had occurred to me that this present age was dominated by the European mind only because that mind was fully awake. You all know how the spirit of great Asia is going through an age-long slumber in the depth of the night, with only a few lonely watches to read the stars and wait for the sign of the rising sun across the darkness. So I had this longing to come to Europe and see the human spirit in the full blaze of its power and beauty. Then it was that I took that voyage, — my voyage of pilgrimage to Europe, — leaving for the moment my own work at Shantiniketan and the children I loved.

But this was not my first visit to Europe. In the year 1878, when I

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *August* 22

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was a boy, barely seventeen, I was brought over by my brother to those shores. It will be difficult for you to realize what visions we had in the East, in those days, of this great continent of Europe. Though I was young, and though my knowledge of English was very insufficient, yet I had heard of her great poets and her heroes, of the ideal Europe of literature, so full of love of freedom and of humanity.

Italy was my first introduction to Europe. In those days the steamers stopped at Brindisi, and I still remember that when we reached the port it was midnight under a full moon. I came rushing up on deck from my bed, and shall never forget that marvelous scene, enveloped in the silent mystery of the moonlight — the sight of Europe asleep like a maiden dreaming of beauty and peace.

It was fortunate for me that Brindisi was a small town, a quiet place, not so aggressively different from the scenes to which I had been accustomed from my childhood. I felt sure that its heart was open to me, to welcome the boy poet, who, though young, was even in those days a dreamer. I was greatly elated as I left the steamer to pass the night in what I suppose in these days of progress would be termed a third-rate hotel, having no electric light or other conveniences. I felt that I was in the arms of this great mother Europe, and my heart seemed to feel the warmth of her breast.

The next day I awoke, and with my brother and an Indian friend wandered into an orchard close by, a Garden of Paradise which threatened no punishment against trespassers. Ah! what delight I had that morning in the limpid sunlight, in the hospitality of leaf and fruit and flower. There was an Italian girl there, who reminded me of our Indian maidens, with eyes dark like bees, which have the power to explore the secret honey-cells of love in the lotus of our hearts. (You know, with us the lotus is the emblem of the heart.) She was a simple girl with a colored kerchief round her head and a complexion not too white. That is, it was no pallid lack of complexion. Hers was like that of a bunch of grapes caressed by the warm kisses of the sun — the sun which had modulated the beauty of her face, giving it a tender bloom.

I need not dwell at length upon the feelings I experienced; it is enough to say that I was of the impressionable age of seventeen! I felt that I had come to a land of beauty, of repose, and joy, which even at that time inspired my mind with the idea that one day I should claim its welcome for me.

With me it was a case of love at first sight; but for my companions it was but a fleeting moment, so that I was not free to stay, but had to continue the journey with my brother, who wanted me to hasten to my lessons in English. Being a truant by nature, I had always refused to attend my classes, and thus having become a problem to my elders, they had decided to send me to England to learn under compulsion the language which, according to their notion, would give me the stamp of respectability.

England is a great country, and I pay my homage to the greatness of her people, but I must be excused if I did not appreciate it at the moment. For an Indian boy such as I was, left there alone in the depth of winter when the birds were silent and the sun was miserly with its gifts, the country seemed on every side like a visible spirit of rude refusal. I was homesick and extremely shy; I was frightened at the sombrely dressed people who stared at me. From my

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lodging house, facing Regent's Park, I would gaze with a feeling of bewilderment at its monotony of leaflessness, through the mists, the fogs, and the drizzle. In a word, I was young — too young to enter into the spirit of England at that time. I merely glanced at the surface of things, with my distracted heart always yearning for its own nest across the sea.

After a few months' stay I went back home to India. But I dare not here give a recital of my idle days which followed to those of you who are young, and for whom the example of a studiously strenuous life of usefulness would perhaps be more beneficial. I avoided all kinds of educational training that could give me any sort of standardized culture stamped with a university degree. I dreamt, wrote verses, stories, and plays, lived in solitude on the banks of the Ganges, and hardly knew anything of the movements and counter-movements of forces in the great world.

While I was in the midst of my creative work, there came to me an inner message asking me to come out of my seclusion and seek life in the heart of the crowd. I knew not what I could do. I had a love for children, so that I called them around me, in order to rescue them from the dismal dungeons of the Educational Department and find for them that atmosphere of sympathy and freedom which they needed most. I chose a beautiful and secluded spot where, in collaboration with Mother Nature, it was possible to bring up these boys in a spirit of wisdom and love.

While I was still busy doing service to children, I do not know what possessed me all of a sudden. From some far-away sky came to me a call of pilgrimage reminding me that we are all born pilgrims — pilgrims of this green earth. A voice questioned me: 'Have you been to the sacred shrine where Divinity reveals itself in the thoughts and dreams and deeds of man?' I thought possibly it was in Europe, where I must seek it and know the full meaning of my birth as a human being in this world. And so for the second time I came to this continent.

But meanwhile I had grown up and learned much of the history of man. I had sighed with the great poet Wordsworth, who became sad when he saw what man had done to man. We, too, have suffered at the hands of man — not tigers and snakes, not elemental forces of nature, but human beings. Men are ever the greatest enemy of man. I have felt and known it. All the same, there was a hope, deep in my heart, that I should find some place, some temple, where the immortal spirit of man dwelt hidden like the sun behind the clouds.

Yet, when I arrived in the land of my quest, I could not stop the insistent question which kept troubling me with a sense of despair: 'Why is it that Europe with all her power of mind is racked with unrest? How is it that she is overcome with such a whirlwind of suspicion and jealousy and greed? Why is it that her greatness itself offers a vast field for fiercely contending passions to have their devil-dance in the lurid light of conflagration?'

When I traveled from Italy to Calais I saw the beautiful scenery on both sides of the railway. These men, I thought, have the ability to love their soil; and what a great power is this love! How they have beautified and made fruitful the whole continent with heroic sacrifice! With the force of their love they have fully won their country for themselves, and this ever-active service of their devotion, for generations, has given rise

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in them to an irresistible truth, and truth gives fullness of life. The earth is overwhelmed by it, not because of man's covetousness, but because of this life-giving shower of heart and mind that he has poured around him. How he has struggled to eradicate the obstinate barrenness from the inert! How he has fought and defeated at every step the evil in everything that was hostile in his surroundings! Why, then, this dark misery lowering over Europe? Why this widespread menace of doom in her sky?

Because the love for her own soil and children will no longer suffice for her. So long as destiny offered to her only a limited problem, Europe did more or less satisfactorily solve it. Her answer was patriotism, nationalism — that is to say, love only for that and those to whom she happened to be related. According to the degree of truth in this love she has reaped her harvest of welfare. But to-day, through the help of science, the whole world has been given to her for a problem. How to answer it in the fullness of truth, she has yet to learn. Because the problem has become vast the wrong answer is fraught with immense danger.

A great truth has been laid bare to you, and according to your dealing with it you will attain the fulfillment of your destiny. If you do not have the strength to accept it in the right spirit your humanity will rapidly degenerate; your love of freedom, love of justice, love of truth, love of beauty, will be rejected of God.

Do you realize how a rigid ugliness is everywhere apparent — in your cities, in your commerce, the same monotonous mask — so that nowhere is there room for a living expression of the spirit? This is the creeping in of death, limb by limb, in the body of your civilization.

Love can be patient. Beauty is moulded and matured by patience. Your great artists knew it in the days when they could gladly modulate all the riches of their leisure into some tiny detail of beauty. The greedy man can never do this. Factories are the triumph of ugliness, for no one has the patience to try to give them the touch of grace; and so, everywhere in God's world to-day, we are faced with what is called progress toward inhospitable ugliness, toward the eddy of a bottomless passion which is voracity. Can you call to mind any great voice speaking out of the human heart in these modern days?

We have, no doubt, reason to be proud of science. We offer to Europe our homage in return for her gift of science, now bequeathed to posterity. Our sages have said: 'The Infinite has to be known and realized.' For man the Infinite is the only true source of happiness. Europe has come face to face with the Infinite in the world of extension, the domain of external nature.

I do not cry down the material world. I fully realize that this is the nurse and the cradle of the spirit. By achieving the Infinite in the heart of the material world you have made this world more generous than it ever was. But merely coming to a rich fact does not give us that right to own it. The great science which you have discovered still awaits your meriting. Through what you have gained outwardly you may become successful, but you may miss greatness in spite of the success.

Because you have strenuously cultivated your mind in Europe, because of your accuracy of observation and the development of your reasoning faculties, these discoveries have to be realized by a complete humanity — knowing has to be brought under the

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control of being — before truth can be fully honored. But our being, the fundamental reality in the human world, with which all other truths have to be brought into harmony at any cost, is not within the domain of science. Truth when not properly treated turns back on us to destroy us. Your very science is thus becoming your destroyer.

I have come to your door seeking the voice of humanity, which must sound its solemn challenge and overcome the clamor of the greedy crowd of slave drivers. Perhaps it is already being uttered in whispers behind closed doors, and will grow in volume till it bursts forth in a thundering cry of judgment, and the vulgar shout of brute force is silenced in awe.

MENDACITY

BY A. E. COPPARD

[London Mercury]

TRUTH is love and love is truth,
Either neither in good sooth:
Truth is truth and love is love,
Give us grace to taste thereof.
But if truth offend my sweet
Then I will have none of it,
And if love offend the other,
Farewell truth, I will not bother.

Happy truth when truth accords
With the love in lovers' words!
Harm not truth in any part,
But keep its shadow from love's heart.
Men must love, tho' lovers' lies
Outpall the stars in florid skies,
And none may keep, and few can merit,
The fond joy that they inherit.

Who with love at his command
Dare give truth a welcome hand?
Believe it, or believe it not,
'T is a lore most vainly got.
Truth requites no penny-fee,
Niggard's honey feeds no bee,
Ere this trick of truth undo me
Little love, my love, come to me.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Alert Japan

RECENT advices from Japan indicate that California's fear of the Yellow Peril should be transferred from political to intellectual fields. Not that the nation is politically inactive. Her Commission for Cultural Work in the East has just put through an agreement with the Chinese that governs the expenditure of the proceeds of the Boxer Indemnity. Our own country's policy toward China in regard to the money due us on the same indemnity was so successful that others have taken it up in various ways. Japan has seen fit to follow closely in our footsteps, and arrange for the education in Japan of a certain number of Chinese each year in order to inculcate the germs of Sino-Japanese friendship. But the Chinese have been suspicious. Various European nations will be disgusted to learn that the Chinese felt that America was really prompted by generosity when she educated Chinese students on indemnity money. Until we offer free courses in Home Economics at our co-educational universities to indigent Frenchmen, this suspicion is likely to flourish.

The Japanese, however, have succeeded in putting through an agreement which sets up a committee in Peking composed of ten Japanese and eleven Chinese, who administer the cash. Under an editorial entitled 'Buying Chinese Friendship,' the *Japan Advertiser*, an American daily published in Tokyo, says that China looks suspiciously at the whole affair; but the fact remains that the agreement went through.

When the youthful Chinese student comes to Japan to complete his education he will be installing himself in the country that, next to Germany, publishes more books a year than any other. The Osaka *Mainichi* announces that during last year 18,028 books appeared in Japan — an increase of four thousand over the year before. In 1924 German books ran to nearly 36,000, but this number includes some that were distributed in Austria. In the same year Britain published 12,000, a record for that country, and the United States but 6380. This, however, was less than usual for us. At all events, these figures show that Japan is a nation of eager readers, and, as long as her 18,000 books are better than some 6370 of ours, the Chinese students are to be envied their opportunity.

But the most cheering news of all from Japan is the statement by Dr. Dansui, just back in France after three years of archæology in Indo-China, to the effect that the first settlers of the Asiatic mainland were members of the Caucasian race. Dr. Torii, a Tokyo authority on the same subject, was so pleased to hear this that he promptly announced that the Ainu race that originally settled in Japan is white too. He quotes, but does not name, a British authority who states that the Ainus came from New Guinea to their present home. There is, too, a possibility that Indo-Chinese Caucasians may be linked with the presumably white primitives of Australia. Dr. Torii boggles at Dr. Dansui's argument, for it seems to hinge on a copper drum used in Indo-China. This kind of drum is said to be the infallible earmark of a Mongol.

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What the Japanese hope is that these researches may show some connection between the Causasians of Indo-China and the ancient Ainus. They are to be congratulated if they think that proof of this would change Hiram Johnson's convictions on the immigration laws. Such hopefulness is all too rare in our dreary world.

New German Pedagogics

HAVING set the standard in higher education, Germany is beginning to turn to the earlier years in the lives of her young people. To the credit of the nation it may be said that the Montessori system did not lift its head until 1924, but since then the fad has gained momentum, and is becoming the first step in a bewildering process. The *Berliner Tageblatt* quotes from five experts in the field of lower education, and they all agree on the necessity of giving the student more of a voice in the administration of his own affairs. Paula Fürst describes her Montessori class, in which the children can move their desks about as they please and study whatever suits their fancy. Although furious at the idea of standardization and specialization, apologists for this method may soon point with equanimity and even pride to one youngster who is well along in the differential calculus but who cannot spell his name, and to another who is in the middle of the second volume of Spengler but who thinks that New York is in Palestine. When the German youth has been thoroughly Montessoried he then has his choice of several schools, for in this new day of infant self-expression parents are not entitled to butt in on something they know so little about.

All of the 'new pedagogues,' as they are called, believe in student self-determination. An institution on the island of Scharfenberg is run on the following principles: (1) common efforts in field, garden, and workshop; (2) simplicity, not as a stop-gap, but as a virtue in itself; (3) close attention to health, dress, and nourishment; (4) self-government as the best school for self-reliance; (5) latitude of choice as the principle of all scientific work; (6) opposition to all Americanism.

The sixth item is no doubt intended as a protest against the American cult that is so popular now in Germany, and presumably has no political significance. The only institution that keeps any of the old flavor is the school at Schloss Salem founded by Prince Max von Baden in 1920. Believing that the need of the hour was for young people who could cope with the moral collapse into which the Fatherland had sunk after the war, Max decided that the best thing he could do would be to found a school. He tries to inculcate by means of sport the most adamant resistance to all that is base. He does not, however, believe in the English idea of putting sport above everything else. He devotes certain afternoons to handicraft, and others to group activities. The idea of self-government is here as elsewhere, but at least it works on schedule.

The Decline of the Harem

THE harem is following the fez down the pathway of oblivion. In the Palace of the Old Seraglio at Stamboul the bijou apartments of the Chief of the Black Slaves of the harem and the Schoolroom of the Princes are being opened to profane inspection under the management of the Constantinople Direction of Museums. Other imperial buildings, long in a state of decay, are being overhauled. The most marvelous of these is the former Treasury, where robes, headdresses, and gems of bygone Sultans will soon be on display. Al-

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ready one can wander through five or six kiosks and audience rooms, including the Cupola of the Divan, the Sultan's old audience room with its huge canopied sofa for the Grand Vizier, the 'New Kiosk' overlooking the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora. Frock-coated officials are stationed at frequent intervals among these gaudy remains.

The most interesting exhibit at present is the apartment of the Chief of the Black Slaves. This pampered individual could warm his toes at one of the finest tiled fireplaces in the Palace, and when he lay late abed could contemplate a ceiling tiled with valuable faïence. In contrast to his sumptuous quarters are the cells in which his unfortunate subordinates dwelt. They inhabited a three-story barracks, and were shut up in tiny compartments with spy-holes for their chiefs to look through. On a wall of this building still hangs an instrument of chained wood which was twisted around their feet when their mistresses ordered them to be bastinadoed.

Distressing as it is to think of these fine old institutions being reduced to the level of museums, the fate of the Yildiz Palace is even more gruesome. The finest of all the imperial kiosks, which was built by Abdul Hamid for a visit of the German Emperor, has been turned into a municipal casino. Under heavily gilded ceilings, behind doors encrusted with mother-of-pearl, Levantine Babbitts will gamble away their shrewdly earned cash. Only non-Turkish citizens will be allowed to play at the table — a rule which is calculated to give the place the highest possible social tone. For the real spendthrift the attractions of night life at its jazziest will be spread forth. A European ballet corps and a Negro band are being specially imported. Perhaps these black men and white women will lead lives so much like their predecessors of similar hues that history will repeat itself after all.

Sitwells and the Stage

EVERY so often the Sitwell family succeeds in lodging itself in the public eye. Their most recent exploit was the work of Brother Osbert, who remarked, 'The stage is in so deplorable a condition that, so far as I can see, the importance of broadcasting cannot be too strongly emphasized. Actors and actresses are so busy trying to be ladies and gentlemen and golfers that they have no time left to pay attention to their jobs.' Although this sounds to most of us like the most obvious platitude, it did not strike Mr. Robert Hale that way. Mr. Hale is a music-hall comedian, and the proud father of Sonnie and Binnie Hale. This trio had accepted an invitation of the British Broadcasting Company to appear in a radio fantasy called 'The Wheel of Time,' written by the three Sitwells. Everything was in readiness, when Osbert innocently made his 'impertinent and insolent attack on the entire theatrical profession,' as Mr. Hale's manager put it. Speaking for his impressionable children as well as for himself, Mr. Hale felt that there was no alternative but to withdraw from the entertainment. Furthermore, Mr. Hale refused to read the lines which the Sitwells had written for him — a state of mind that led Brother Osbert to remark: —

'A well-known comedian was approached to recite some of the poems in this performance of ours, but he said he could not do so because he might be thought foolish. Surely the opinion of a comedian is not to be taken so seriously as that. In no other country in the world would such things be tolerated.'

Mr. Hale then came far enough out

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in the open to admit, 'It may sound a terrible confession, but when I was lunching with them [the Sitwells] recently and attempting to converse with them I could not understand half they were talking about. It was such high-brow stuff that I, who am not a poet, but only an actor, was very often altogether at sea.'

Brother Sacheverell pronounced the last word: —

'It is all most distressing. There is some sort of conspiracy against the family. Many people have said much harder things about the stage than Osbert did, and no notice has been taken of it, but when a Sitwell says them it is looked upon as a very dreadful affair. It is time some of these stage people were taught a lesson, and if they are not careful they will get one of a more severe character than Osbert has given them.'

Dreiser in Berlin

UNDER the title of 'Theodore Dreiser and His Victory,' Herman George Scheffauer, writing in *Die Literarische Welt*, praised the author of *An American Tragedy* during his recent visit to Berlin. Scheffauer's own work frequently appears in American reviews, and he last saw Dreiser in New York, when the latter was employed on the staff of the *Delineator*. Herr Scheffauer speaks of Dreiser's long fight for his ideals, and concludes that he is at last successful, since he has made a great deal of money. This, however, is no news to American readers, and the part of the article that is of most interest to us is the reference to Dreiser's German blood.

It took, of course, '*unser Kritiker* H. L. Mencken' to discover the man in the first place, and to rank his work as superior to that of Thomas Mann and other German writers with whom he had a good deal in common. That Dreiser himself was overcome by yearning for his spiritual home is indicated from the following words of Herr Scheffauer's: —

'A week ago I stood with Dreiser and a friend in the black smoky cellar of E. T. A. Hoffmann's drinking establishment. Little groups of *Wandervögel* played and sang German songs. Dreiser was spellbound with pleasure. He listened to them with delight and devotion; his face shone radiantly, his eyes were moist. The poor fellow had encountered some of the German soul, and an old feeling of sympathy welled up within him. In this greatest American realist German blood brooded and stirred. In all his heavy, vast, tediously erected and assembled, monumental works one motive dominated all others — his search for the soul of his people. The result of this search is that to-day the idea of suffering is the hallmark of modern American literature. And from this agony a soul will be born and the goal will be attained.'

Although Herr Scheffauer feels that Dreiser has reached the summit of his genius, he does not believe that the work is completed. Puritanism, prejudices, and false romanticism must be made to knuckle under. Mencken is called upon to belabor the 'Yankee-Philistine,' Lewis to bait the Babbitts, Masters and Anderson to assault the hicks. Hergesheimer is urged to do something about the war. The call has been sounded. Who will reply?

The Last Word on Channel Swimming

MR. WILLIAM HENRY has spoken. The chief secretary and founder of the Royal Life-Saving Society has aired his views on the Channel-swimming contagion from which Western civilization has recently been suffering. As if eleven or twelve hours in the sea were not

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enough, Mr. Henry does not hesitate to throw more cold water on the cowering figures of the new record-breakers. He suggests that in Vierkotter's case no details were known, and cynically points to the fact that he went right back to France. Anyone who sets foot in England only to return at once to another country must surely be a suspicious character.

In spite of the fact that no English person had swum the Channel since 1911, Mr. Henry felt that British swimmers are as good as the foreigners over long distances, though Americans excel in the sprints. Luck alone, he says, has prevented Englishmen from duplicating recent foreign feats. Mr. Henry does not think much of the crawl, and says that, although Vierkotter, Trudy, and Mrs. Corson all claim they used it, they are talking through their bathing caps.

'The real object of swimming should be life-saving,' he announces, 'and for this the crawl is more than useless. Obviously you cannot carry anyone while using the crawl. Anyway, the statement that Vierkotter, Miss Ederle, and Mrs. Corson used the crawl all the way is probably incorrect. If they had done so they could not have been fed, they could not have rested, and they would have been soon fatigued.'

Mr. Henry explains Miss Ederle's and Mrs. Corson's triumphs on the ground that women can stay in the water longer than men. Frank Perks, of Birmingham, said he could have got across if he had had someone in his launch to tell him where to go. This sounds reasonable. The most interesting of Mr. Henry's comments is to the effect that every three years the tides in the Channel are favorable: Burgess crossed in 1911; twelve years later three more came through; and three years after that five more have succeeded. If meteorologists become interested, this strenuous sport may lead to something even more valuable than vaudeville contracts.

Religion versus Science

For the past few months the pages of *Figaro* have been enlivened by a discussion as to whether or not there is a fundamental opposition between religion and science. The origins of the dispute, as far as France — a synonym for civilization — is concerned, date back to the eighteenth-century Encyclopædists. Later, in 1820, Comte detected the spiritual possibilities of science, and some time after Renan said that Claude Bernard pursued his scientific work 'as if he were performing the duties of a priest celebrating a sort of sacrifice.' Taine remarked: 'In this use of science and in this conception of things there are politics, art, morality, and a new kind of religion.' Fifty years ago, according to *Figaro*, people were saying, 'No more need of morality or religion. Science will supply everything. It will be the religion of the future.'

Nowadays we are whistling a different tune. The conception of Science with a capital S is old-fashioned, and we believe only in the scientific method. Abbé Moreux, head of the observatory at Bourges, puts it this way: 'The confines of science and religion are rigidly fixed, and the objections that scholars raise against our dogma will never transcend the narrow confines that limit them.'

Others involved in the *Figaro* investigation came to similar conclusions. One said that geological discoveries have supported our ancient faith in God. Another believes that religious sentiments make a very valuable background for scientific research. Another has been led by science into the very arms of the spiritualists. Of the forty-

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odd investigators only five or six detected any hostility between the microscope and the Mass. One of these unfortunates tried to establish a contradiction between the teachings of the Catholic Church and the account of the creation of the world as related in the first chapter of Genesis. This, he said, is typical of the errors into which religious folk are led. The most absurd of all was the man who detected in the investigation itself proof of the incompatibility of science and religion, and who announced that such conscience-searching clearly showed that religious dogma was suffering under an agonizing strain. The upshot of the matter is that civilization has officially decided to allow a personal God and a good doctor under the same roof.

The Intelligent Ant

M. CHARLES JOURDAN of Algiers has found that a kind of black ant known as the *musor barbarus*, which inhabits his part of the world, possesses extraordinary intelligence. He had placed in his garden a bowl of grain for the birds, but soon noticed that the ants were getting away with most of it. He set the bowl on several sticks, but the ants soon climbed up and carried their food down. This, however, proved a slow process, and in a short time they had established two groups of workers, one of which threw the grain down, while the other picked it up and carried it away. This not only saved a lot of labor, but made it possible for much more grain to be kept in motion, for only a few ants could go up and down the narrow sticks that supported the bowl. The next thing M. Jourdan did was to surround the elevated bowl with glue. After several ants had got their feet caught the rest gathered quantities of earth and laid a safe pathway across the glue to the sticks leading to the bowl.

Finally the bowl was placed on a tripod in a small basin of water. This baffled the ants for some time, and they wandered about the edge of the little lake quite distressed. But presently they began, in large groups, to carry twigs and bits of dead leaves and contrived to make a floating bridge to the base of one of the tripods: The most remarkable thing about this feat is that during the rainy season the ants stay underground, and they have no way of telling that twigs and dead leaves would be able to float. M. Alphonse Labitte, an attaché of the Museum in Algiers, concludes that the intelligence of insects and men differs only in degree and not in kind.

Kemal's Memoirs

OF course it may be censorship, but the fact remains that the publication of Kemal's memoirs is the chief literary event of the year in Turkey. Published in the form of interviews in that old favorite, the *Hakimietti Millié* of Angora, some of them saw the light of day last March and April, but the whole book has only just appeared. The documents it contains amount to an almost complete history of Turkey during the last twenty years, but there are also some general observations which show that the author has thoughts of his own. Here are two typical reflections: —

'If a man partakes of the convictions of those who regulate a community, and participates in the same spiritual state, he cannot escape the necessity of being a man of that community and of that milieu.'

'I know neither why nor how those impotent, feeble creatures are made who always rely on making an appeal to the pity of people stronger and more resolute than themselves and attracting their commiseration.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

England, by W. R. Inge, D.D. London: Ernest Benn; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $3.00.

[*Times*]

THE Dean of St. Paul's says that he has found the preparation of this book the most difficult literary task he has ever undertaken. The conditions were that it should be historical and yet look toward the future, so that, besides selecting and arranging the historical material, the author has had to assume to a certain extent the part of a seer, thus going beyond Mr. Trevelyan, with whose recent history this volume will be profitably read. Candor, but not impartiality, has been the Dean's aim; he loves his country too well not to be outspoken, and he holds it to be in great danger from 'antisocial and unpatriotic sectionalism, which is the curse of industrial civilization.' The whole work is written from this standpoint, but, though expressing strong opinions, is neither a satire nor a diatribe.

A sentence or two in the preface sums up the Dean's diagnosis of the 'chronic malaise' which makes town workers 'hate all the conditions of their lives.'

> The sudden transplantation of the countryman, within three or four generations, into the unnatural surroundings of the great town has more to do with social unrest than is usually supposed. . . . The town worker does not consciously recognize the call of the country; he only feels the aching of racial habits, thousands of years old, and now suddenly thwarted.

Mr. Trevelyan was not far from saying the same; and it is not a mere coincidence that the Dean should begin his book, like Mr. Trevelyan, with a chapter on the land and its mixed racial elements, for the land is now painfully small in comparison with what it once was.

From the country we pass to the national character, on which any prediction of the future must depend; but nothing is harder than a fair estimate. Are national characters fixed? Do the same qualities rule throughout all classes? If all Englishmen are stoical, and if the Englishman in general is 'always in difficulties when he has to deal with real Machiavellianism, or with unscrupulous fanaticism,' the upper class is 'adventurous, active, ambitious, and apt for governing others,' while 'the lower class is unenterprising, slothful, noisy, and emotional.' A 'great and sinister phenomenon' is the modern working-class docility to the orders of a junta.

> There has been nothing like it in English history. It has not been possible to induce any other class in the community to submit to this kind of discipline in defense of its own interests. It is un-English; more un-English than the rather superficial Catholic revival. One thing is certain. Organization of this uncompromising and militant type is fundamentally incompatible with parliamentary government, with democracy, and with civil liberty.

The question is whether the Englishman, 'a sweet, just, boyish master,' in Mr. Santayana's words, will be able to hold his own against the 'scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics' arrayed against him.

What of the Empire into which the small and overcrowded island has expanded? Dr. Inge does not mince words about 'the dog-in-the-manger policy of Labor in the Dominions'; the 'almost insane malignity against England' which is the 'chief bond of union among the Irish wherever they go'; the fact that Canada's 'chief safeguard' lies in the United States' not wanting to conquer it; the absence of authority supreme in all parts of the Empire; the loss of Ireland, perhaps the 'most shameful event in English history' — the handing over of a neolithic race, as an intolerable nuisance, to its own devices, 'the insincere cant about the right of self-determination' having come 'home to roost in the British Isles.' Finally, 'the day of the amateur, with his haphazard methods is over; and this is not a good thing for England.' The Dean looks wistfully on the scientific State as it was exemplified in Germany; perhaps it is the only hope for the future, if England is to be a 'going concern.'

[J. A. Spender in the *Westminster Gazette*]

Of course, if these things are true they ought to be said and faced, but when one finds the new Jeremiahs periodically repeating the apparently refuted lamentations of the old Jeremiahs, with a confident assurance that the ruin is at last about to begin, cheerfulness, as Dr. Johnson's friend said, will break in. When the Dean speaks positively about what is going to happen a hundred years hence, or, for that matter, fifty or thirty years hence, my spirits rise and I feel a

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cheerful conviction that, whatever may be going to happen, it won't be this. I feel it the more because of the little bundle of prejudices which the Dean carries about with him, and which are always getting between him and any dispassionate view of the present, let alone the future. He scatters his pages with vitriol whenever he talks of Irish, Americans, Roman Catholics, or those whom he calls comprehensively the 'lower classes.' A man is scarcely human who is not liable to one or other of these prejudices, but to have to carry the whole lot on his back together and to be obliged to dump them on his reader in the middle of otherwise informing and well-argued passages is a sad handicap to a philosophic historian. At the end one feels that if those whom the Dean calls the 'upper class' did really feel in this way it would justify a good deal of his pessimism about the disunity of the country and the future of its government and policy. How could we expect Irishmen to like to be governed by people who thought of them as he thinks, or intelligent Indians not to object to the kind of rule that he desires for them, or the 'lower classes' to submit contentedly to the rule of an 'upper class' which thinks them 'unenterprising, slothful, noisy, and emotional'?

Did the Dean, one wonders, pause a moment to reflect on the history of the last eight years before he penned that last sentence? He allows the 'lower class' some virtues in war, but apparently none at all in peace. And yet in the eight years of the peace this country has reëstablished its credit, shouldered the immense burden of its debt, sustained its unemployed, and left itself a large margin to improve its standard of life and increase its pleasures. Does he really think that this could have been accomplished by a country of which the great majority (as on any definition the 'lower class' must be) are 'unenterprising, slothful, noisy, and emotional'? Does he really think, as he seems to say, that all the sacrifices have been borne by the 'upper class' alone, and that none of the taxes imposed nominally on the rich have been felt by the poor? These suppositions seem to me absurd. It has been a gigantic effort, of which an immense part has been borne by the workers, and if they had been the slothful and unenterprising people that the Dean supposes, and if they had not included among them a high proportion of the best and most enterprising workmen in the world, it could never have been accomplished. It has, of course, been accompanied by strain and friction, and at the end of it the frayed tempers of all parties present us with very serious problems. Undoubtedly we can do more and better, but one of the conditions is that we shall do justice and deal charitably with each other, and the Dean's diatribes are neither justice nor charity.

I suppose one ought not to be irritated, and all along one has the suspicion that the Dean is only doing it to annoy. He has had a certain character imposed on him in his approach to the public, and he grows like it, as Whistler said a man grows like his portrait. And yet it seems a pity that so much knowledge, so much acuteness, and a naturally philosophic temperament should be soured and thwarted in this way. Jeremy Taylor, in a passage which Lord Grey has quoted in one of his essays, speaks of the man 'who chooseth to sit upon his little handful of thorns.' I still look for the time when the Dean will get up from his little handful of thorns, which must be as uncomfortable for him as for those who watch him sitting on them.

The Baby Grand, and Other Stories, by Stacy Aumonier. London: Heinemann, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

Mr. Stacy Aumonier has devised a new formula — or, rather, has adapted to his own uses the old formula of the Unities. The story begins and ends in a quiet, commonplace, everyday setting. But in the interval the most astonishing things happen. The farm laborer is whisked away to the war zone by a German airplane, shares in an hour or two's crowded fighting, and is whisked back again to grumble at his granddaughter who wants to know if there is any news. Miss Bracegirdle goes for a trip abroad, and returns to the calm of Easingstoke Deanery after a night's adventure so incredible that she decides not to say a word about it. Or (and this is from the new volume) two men stroll out of a concert-room to get a drink, have the fight of their lives, and get back in time to hear the concluding Bach fugue. Or Mr. Frederick James Smith, assistant in a furniture establishment, arranges to meet his wife at an A.B.C. shop in the evening and go to the cinema. And in the meantime — 'I 've waived a kingdom, and refused the hand of a princess; got engaged to an American millionaire's daughter; been kidnapped; was nearly sent to China; was threatened with having my throat cut — all in my spare time, like.'

In Mr. Aumonier's adroit hands this sonata form is curiously effective; and he has the discretion to use it sparingly. The first and longest story in the book, 'The Happy Man,' is a delicate and poignant study of family life and the theme 'What is happiness?' 'The Baby Grand,' from which the book takes its title, conforms more to the expectations of magazine readers, but is, of course, like all the tales, told with perfect art. In 'The Old Lady with Two Umbrellas,' Mr. Aumonier makes what is, we think, his first experiment in 'detective' fiction, and a bril-

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liantly successful one. In more serious vein is the grim record of 'The Everlasting Club,' the story of seven men who are thrown together by chance in Picardy on Armistice Day, and who agree to dine together every year thereafter, till in the end only one is left to carry on the rite. Altogether, it is a budget of Mr. Aumonier's best, full of insight, irony, humor, and understanding.

A Wayfarer in Switzerland, by James F. Muirhead. London: Methuen and Company, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

This addition to Methuen's capital 'Wayfarer' series will be one of the most useful. Mr. Muirhead, though he gives helpful hints on mountaineering, does not aim at instructing the ardent Alpine climber. But his book, which has many good illustrations, will be the ideal companion of the ordinary traveler. He takes the wayfarer along with him gently, from end to end of the enchanting country, and discourses pleasantly as occasion arises of those early patriots with a consuming passion for liberty who made the country; of its glorious natural beauties; of its literature and art, so little known here; and even of its trade.

Many Englishmen would write down Swiss trade thus: 'Hotels, plus tourist traffic and condensed milk.' But the national Budget shows that silk and lace and embroidery, machinery and watches, with other manufactures, stand highest. Half of the Swiss population live by industry.

That, however, is incidental. It is Mr. Muirhead's business to show us the country. Why do we not, he says, get off the beaten track? He takes us off that beaten track. He invites us, for instance, to journey from Bâle through the Canton of Soleure, and to visit its capital, 'so complete in its modest mediævalism that one feels here farther removed from modernity than in almost any other Swiss town. There is but one Soleure!' The thirteenth-century clock tower and other old buildings are all a delight. And about the town is the Weissenstein (just over four thousand feet) of the Jura, with its wonderful view of the Alps, the view which Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in his *Path to Rome,* declared to belong to the things that make a man stop breathing.

There are all through the book, specially mentioned for the benefit of the modest climber, or even the nonclimbing wayfarer, easy ascents and easy walks. These require no guides, and they sometimes are of surpassing beauty. They include the cable railway ascent from Lauterbrunnen to the Grütsch Alp, which includes at the start a view of the famous waterfall, the Staubbach, and afterward an astonishing panorama of the Eiger, the Mönch, the Jungfrau, the Silberhorn, and other Alps. The Forest Cantons and their fighters; Lausanne and Geneva and their literary associations; the Bernese Oberland; Mont Blanc, in a chapter called 'Switzerland by Courtesy' — the whole country is dealt with. And among the out-of-the way places to which Mr. Muirhead takes us are two peaceful, motor-free valleys.

Far End, by May Sinclair. London: Hutchinson and Company; New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.00.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

One of Miss May Sinclair's most perfect novels is a short-long study, *The Life and Death of Harriet Frean. Far End* is not so short a story, but it is sparing in detail; yet it deals with the intricate matrimonial relations of Christopher and Hilda Vivart, stretched over a period of years, and the medium seems cramped for that kind of prolonged and delicate observation. Two extra-matrimonial relationships are involved, one of the body and one of the spirit, both of which might have been more convincing had the women round whom they centred been more real. As it is, one is left with the impresssion that Miss Sinclair is dealing with a thesis rather than with men and women, and there does not seem to be any reason why the story should have a happy ending. We gather that this is due to the gentle influencing of the house 'Far End,' and in making her reader feel its living charm May Sinclair is at her best. There are the old flashes of her genius for psychology in some of the brief indications of conversation, notably between Hilda and the widow, Mrs. Templeton, at Hilda's dinner-table. And the book is vivid enough to make people discuss it: 'Do you really think Christopher would —'

BOOKS MENTIONED

Wells, H. G. *The World of William Clissold.* New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. 2 vols. $5.00.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Book without a Name. Anonymous. New York: Brentano's, 1926. $2.50.

THE eighteenth-century English aristocrat was the ideal type of anarchist. In this book of 'letters' from an unmarried lady of the period to her illegitimate son there is a finer scorn for the conventions — in the unpleasant sense of the word — than is possible in our self-conscious age. For these letters are really a series of essays dwelling on the virtues of an independent rural life passed in the society of Marcus Aurelius and Voltaire. The unknown authoress is possessed of a winning style and personality that are both as fresh after nearly two hundred years as they were the day when she and her little boy walked naked and unabashed under the trees. It is useless, of course, to wish that such people still lived — charming, humane, intelligent. The contrast between this lady and such dismal figures as Mrs. Sidney Webb and Rose Macaulay will strengthen the pessimist of conservative leanings who believes that every change is a change for the worse. The eighteenth-century enthusiast will also welcome a unique yet characteristic addition to his library. But the book will appeal most of all to the reader with no time for the luxuries of pessimism or for eighteenth-century research. Here is a singular highly civilized personality as refreshing as a week-end in the country.

London Nights, by Stephen Graham. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. Illustrated. $4.00.

FOR all his Scotch name, Stephen Graham has something of the Russian about him. More than any other articulate Englishman of his time, he has steeped himself in the life of that country. That his new book does not concern Russia is obvious enough, but it breathes that love of distressed humanity so typical of the great Slavic masters. This is, of course, putting the case too strongly, for in his descriptions of London's great unwashed he betrays occasional symptoms of moral earnestness and subjectiveness that one could look for in vain in Dostoevskii.

London Nights is the fruit of many dark hours spent among the down-and-outers of the British capital. Mr. Graham has walked the Embankment, visited the prison at Pentonville, poked his head into all-night coffee stalls, and made the acquaintance of every human derelict in the catalogue. Against his background of wide travel he compares these types with unfortunates in other parts of the world. There is no preaching — only a little of the simplest advice to those who would make their way in the great city; but Mr. Graham's tragedy is that *London Nights* is more likely to be read by the comfortably fixed few than by the indigent multitude who might profit by it. It is surprising that such a faithful picture of such a gloomy scene should not be more depressing than it is. Mr. Graham's sympathy and his unusual gifts as a reporter of the very highest type lift this book into something close to literature.

Kyra Kyralina, by Panait Istrati. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

READERS of the *Living Age* may remember an article published in our February 13 issue of this year that was written by the author of these stories; in the same number a note in Life, Letters, and the Arts quoted Romain Rolland's high praises of this ex-photographer on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, the son of a Greek smuggler and a Rumanian peasant woman, who has traveled, a tattered adventurer, up and down Eastern Europe and the Levant. In the past twenty years millions have probably undergone experiences like Istrati's, but few of these wanderers are literate, to say nothing of literary.

In the three stories collected in this volume the author relates three episodes in the life of Stavro, the rogue. It is unquestionably both a truthful and a striking picture of what actually is the life of those mysterious shabby characters one sees continually in the Near East, and even in Paris, selling rugs, lemonade, fruit, and knickknacks. Hardly suited for reading aloud in the family circle, this book is as bitter and exotic as its background. There is none of the sweep or humanity of the great Russians here, whatever Brandes and Rolland may say, but such an atmosphere would not be quite true to the *mise en scène*. The niggardliness, the sharpness, of a Balkan trader are on every page. It is an addition to literature worthy to stand by Andreev and Artsibashev. Many readers ought to eat it up.

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Seventy Years a Showman, by 'Lord' George Sanger. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $2.00.

SECRETS of the circus ring and side show, and incidents from the barbarism which underlay early Victorian civilization, are good reading. These are distinguished by a style with cadences and colors, but with a restraint unexpected in a writer to whom showman's patter had always been natural speech. Breathing a genial gratitude toward all society, Sanger retired in 1905 from a career he had run well. He published his book five years later. It is now reissued with a too charming preface.

The successful rival of Barnum and Buffalo Bill devotes more than half his space to early struggles, and the remainder to only the most striking of his triumphs. All the way through one wishes there were more. Sanger appears the master showman. Macabre and fantastic like the circus, the book, like the circus, leaves a good taste in one's mouth.

Upon the recovery of her heir from illness, Victoria with full magnificence once swept the London streets in procession; and Sanger swept behind her, gorgeous with his tinsel glories and with — O sanguine lion-tamer! — a player queen. Disraeli rose from his carriage out of respect to the mimic pageant, and Sanger got complimentary tickets to the final ceremony at St. Paul's. A light which could be cast on this event may lie hidden in archives — a light on this pompous trial of strength between life's chief vanities, the Theatre and the State. The minister had wit, his sovereign was shrewd — which made the decision? Each power having expended its force to the full, both should triumph. We do not know. But how great a queen was Victoria, and how good a taste the incident leaves behind it.

Snow and Steel, by Girolamo Sommi-Picenardi. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. $2.00.

THERE is still a belief in this country and elsewhere that the only soldiers who saw any real action in the World War were on the Western Front. Russia's casualties, amounting in two years to more than those of France or England in twice that time, are conveniently ignored; and in spite of Mussolini's up-to-date advertising methods, there are those who feel that battles on the Italian front were *opéra bouffe* affairs between decadent Austrians and crazy Wops. Nothing could be more false. Anyone who reads this astonishing collection of true stories of the fighting in the Italian Alps will open his eyes. On no battle line, not even in von Mackensen's two brilliant Balkan campaigns, can there have been more sensational manœuvres than in these almost inaccessible fastnesses.' Not only was the greatest daring required here, but fortitude was needed too — as on the occasion when two hundred men spent several weeks in a ramshackle shed that was in constant danger of being blown by the fierce gales over a nine-hundred-foot precipice. A different kind of courage was demanded of a half-dozen Italian soldiers who decoyed the Austrian forces up a mountain-side under which three tons of dynamite had been laid. These men all faced absolutely certain death either at the hands of the enemy or during the explosion. The author tells his stories simply, and leaves the reader admiring the bravery and intelligence of a great nation.

The Casuarina Tree, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

SIX short stories, each placed against an Oriental background, are bound together here. The publisher's description, 'Stories of passion and drama,' is in this case well justified. Four are concerned with murder, one with cowardice; five deal with passion, so easily aroused in the East. Mr. Maugham is never crude, and sometimes rises to great heights, as in 'Of Human Bondage.' Of the present collection 'The Letter' is undoubtedly the most skillful, but even this is not the equal of his best work. The stories are without exception good, but they neither add to nor detract from the author's reputation.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

THE British Navy is a necessity which, at what cost soever, must be maintained up to a certain strength; whereas the United States Navy may perhaps be regarded in part as a work of supererogation, and in that sense as a gallant form of luxury, to which America is justly entitled, because she can afford luxuries.

— *The Morning Post*

* * *

The slave plans bring the workers face to face with the menace of a new war in the future. Even more direct and sinister is the danger of a new armed attack on the Union of Soviet Republics, for which the Tory Government has been working ever since it reached office. The open campaign for a rupture of relations carried on by the Tory press has been accompanied by a secret campaign in the Border States. Everywhere they are organizing military preparations for an attack on the workers' republic.

— *'Comrade' George Hardy*

* * *

It is quite true that villagers have not cinemas, but they are much better without them.

— *The Duke of Northumberland*

* * *

I criticize doctrinaire State Socialism not because it seeks to engage men's altruistic impulses in the service of Society, or because it departs from *laissez faire*, or because it takes away from man's natural liberty to make a million, or because it has courage for bold experiments. All these things I applaud. I criticize it because it misses the significance of what is actually happening; because it is in fact little better than a dusty survival of a plan to meet the problems of fifty years ago based on a misunderstanding of what someone said a hundred years ago.

— *J. M. Keynes*

* * *

Our physical eyes blind us to the spiritual, but if we could see with the eyes of the soul it would be too much for us.

The scientific truth of the spiritual world will be forced on the attention of the man of science in the near future.

If I had to predict the revolution which will follow that meeting, I should suggest that, whereas the nineteenth century dealt with the material world, the future will see great discoveries in the spiritual world. — *Sir Oliver Lodge*

* * *

A dictatorship is a confession of political incapacity and sloth in the governed.

— *Signor Nitti*

* * *

The royalty owners have quite as much right to their property as any man in the country has to his house, his shop, or his allotment.

— *Winston Churchill*

* * *

Interest in the Test Match is one test of a liberal education. — *Mardy Jones, M.P.*

* * *

A liberal education is good for many purposes, but it is not good for the work of managing mines. — *Mr. Walsh, M.P.*

* * *

There is only one important truth about the fashion of this world, and that is that it passes away. — *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

For thirty years the German Kaiser was able to preserve the peace of the world, and, with God's help, he will do it again.

— *Count Finckenstein*

* * *

Marriage will be the same a century hence as it is now: a curious kind of cross between a dog fight and the peace that passeth all understanding; something that nobody quite likes and nearly everybody likes well enough to stay in for life once they have got in. — *Rebecca West*

* * *

This is not a paradise; but it is still, judged by all reasonable tests, the best-governed, the happiest, and the most prosperous country in Europe. — *A. G. Gardiner*

* * *

It is perfectly impossible for any man to talk for twelve months in a year without talking more nonsense than he would like to talk.

— *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

We are the most naturally religious people in the world. — *The Bishop of London.*

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¶ In the meantime, read "As the Professor Sees the Game" in the October Scribner's Magazine, now current. It presents new ideas on football.

¶ Hendrik van Loon, Edward W. Bok, William Lyon Phelps, Roger Burlingame, Fairfax Downey and Will Rose contribute to the number.

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